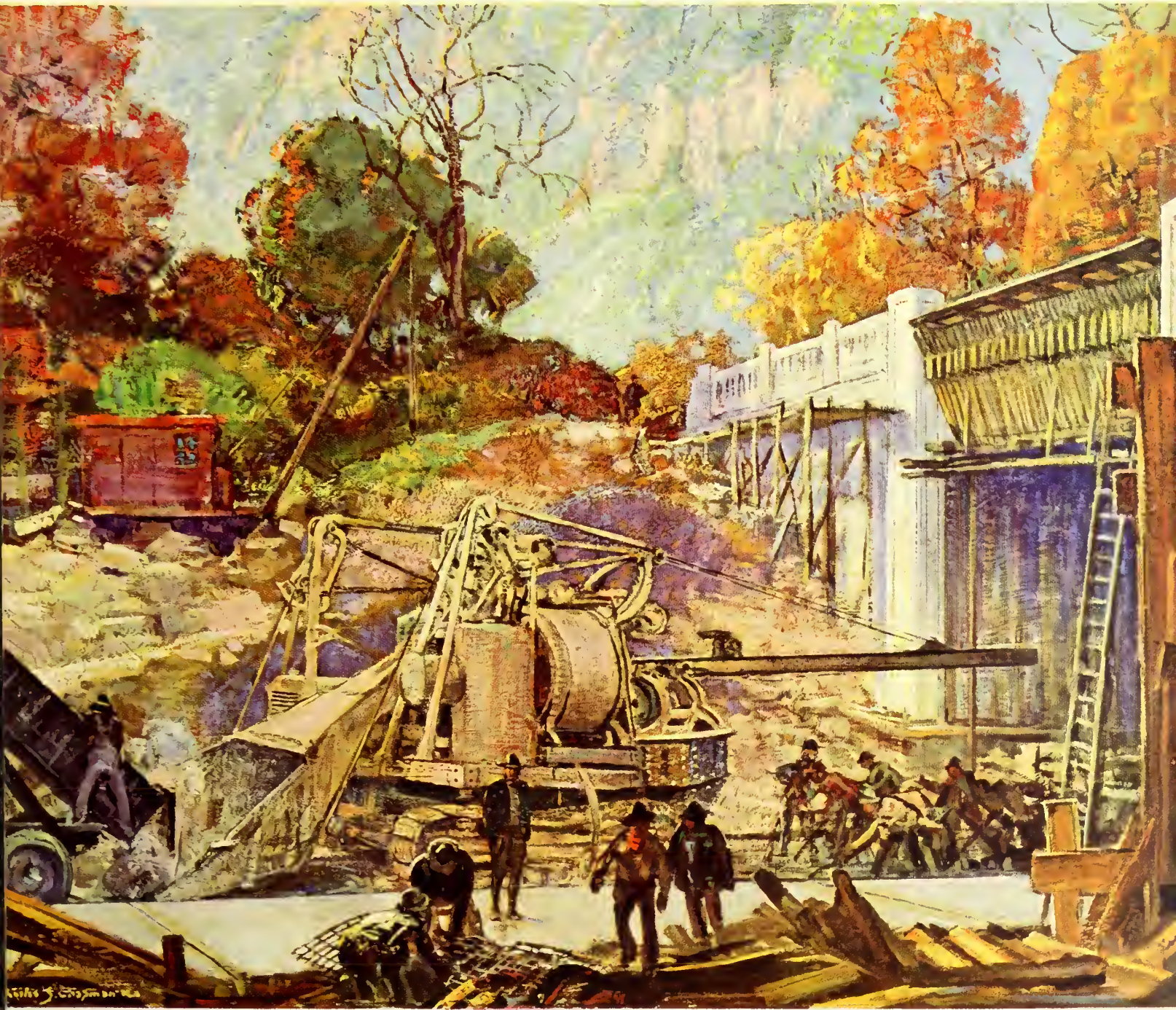


The American
LEGION
MONTHLY

OCTOBER 1931



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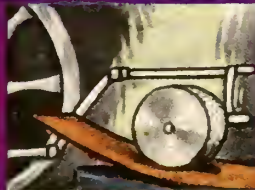
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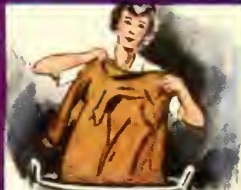
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OCTOBER, 1933

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PREPAREDNESS

As a Surgeon Sees It

By William McJ. Thompson

Colonel, Medical Reserve Corps

SO MUCH has been written and said about the disabled veteran that the reader may well ask by what authority a medical officer should rise to discuss the problem. My answer is, "Experience." I have been a Reserve Corps officer since 1911; I passed the required course of instruction in schools and camps before and since the war; I entered active service May 11, 1917, and was ordered directly to the B. E. F.; I served in casualty clearing stations and hospitals in Flanders and Northern France until March 10, 1918, and in the A. E. F. zone of advance until my return to the United States and discharge on March 4, 1919. Since that date my activities have centered in the Medical Department of the Army, helping to interest doctors in the Medical Reserve Corps.

The sick and disabled veteran is partly the victim of circumstances due to the raising of a vast army without proper preparation. I have qualified this statement with the word "partly." No army, no matter how well organized and trained, can go through a war without casualties (both sick and wounded), but our World War wounded might have been reduced twenty percent, our sick by an even larger proportion, if we had been ready.

"OUR World War wounded might have been reduced twenty percent, our sick by an even larger proportion, if we had been ready." So declares Colonel Thompson, Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, Fellow of the American Medical Association, and member of the Medical Reserve Corps since 1911, basing his findings on his two years' experience in France and his post-war study of the problem of the disabled veteran.

This lack of preparedness was due to the natural indifference of our people, lulled into lack of consciousness of danger by the siren song of pacifist and politician.

It is obvious to any one familiar with training camps or college faculties that no human power could expand our little pre-war army so that it could properly train the avalanche of men that were to pour into the camps.

Remember that all the recruits had to be examined medically before beginning training. There were not enough medical officers to supervise, let alone examine the recruits; so it fell to the lot of doctors

recently inducted into the service to perform this duty. Now it is further manifest to any one at all familiar with these procedures that the civilian doctor taken into the service with little previous training (or even none at all) in the methods of physical examination and classification of candidates as practiced in the Army would have difficulty in performing his task as laid down by regulations, for he might be an excellent doctor, but Army regulations covering medical examinations were outside his sphere of activity. For this reason many men slipped through who had disabilities that they were not aware of and which, because of the demand for haste, the examiner (Continued on page 40)

A TOOTH *at*



By James

THE truck coughed to a stop at the side of the road, scattering a flock of dust-bathing hens, and the driver jerked a thumb at a particularly dowdy stable that wore the placard, "Battalion Headquarters." First Lieutenant Abner Wingo, a casual passenger, painstakingly gathered up his belongings and lowered his lank, unmilitary figure to the ground. He thanked the driver gravely for the lift.

"I'm sure glad I run onto you back there in Toul, brother," he said. "You must have saved me all of two hours. I wish you luck."

The driver tossed back a sketchy salute and shoved on down the road that led to the front. Lieutenant Wingo carried bags, bundles and raincoat over to the door that bore the placard; knocked, and entered an orderly-room that obviously had but recently been a horse's boudoir. A youthful adjutant, assisted by a prim sergeant major, presided.

"I'm Doc Wingo," he told them simply. "I'm your new battalion dentist, reporting for duty." He was a gaunt man of middle years, deliberate, gentle; there was an air of homespun strength about him.

The dapper little adjutant arose and extended his hand in greeting.

"Welcome to Minorville, doctor. We were expecting you. You'll find quite a few calls for your services."

Lieutenant Wingo shook his head in distress.

"You see there? My, I was afraid of that. Here the men were needing me, and I wasn't on hand. But, honest, I pretty near broke my neck getting up here, after I got the order. Why, you'd hardly believe it, I wasn't very far away, not three hundred miles, I bet—but those French railroads! Why, a lot of those trains quit running at night! Well, when they did that I

just got off and hunted me up a truck and kept on traveling. The boys were mighty helpful usually, although I had some trouble with the Chinamen, the little fellows in the French uniforms. They didn't seem to understand. When I couldn't ride, I walked."

"When did you start, Lieutenant?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Well, say, that's nothing to be ashamed of—three hundred miles in France in under two days. You certainly were in an awful stew to get here."

"Yessir, I was. They ordered me here and I figured they meant it. Listen, mister, I want to do something useful, not just loaf around like I've been doing. I'm sorry it took me so long to get here. Maybe I'd have done better at that if I'd gone through Paris, like they said."

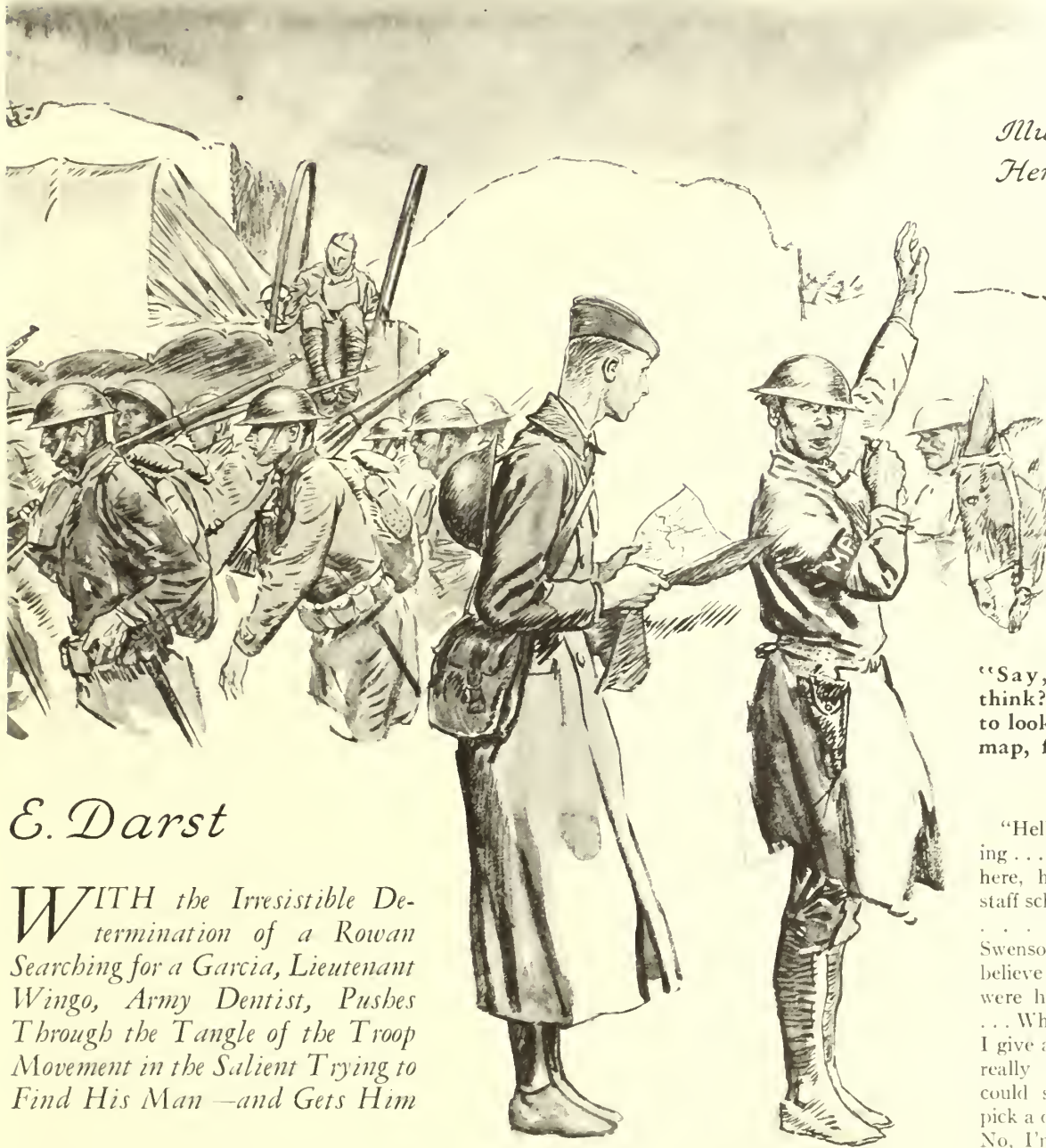
"You passed up Paris?" The adjutant clucked in distress. "I guess that's the first case on record. Well, Lieutenant, you can set up shop in a corner of the regular medical dispensary. We'll get out an order notifying the company commanders that you're here, ready for business. Sergeant, take care of that."

"Very good, sir." The prim sergeant made a note of it. "And I'd like to predict now, sir, that those who have been demanding a dentist most loudly ever since we reached France, and being most unreasonable about it, will forget their ailments now that a dentist is actually here."

"I know who you mean by that crack, Sergeant—Captain Swenson."

"That's exactly who I do mean, sir."

ST. MIHIEL



*Illustrations by
Herbert Morton
Stoops*

E. Darst

WITH the Irresistible Determination of a Rowan Searching for a Garcia, Lieutenant Wingo, Army Dentist, Pushes Through the Tangle of the Troop Movement in the Salient Trying to Find His Man—and Gets Him

"That old—oh, well, never mind. The sergeant will help you find a billet, Lieutenant Wingo. You will eat with headquarters, of course. You'll find us a little disorganized, perhaps. We've only been up a few weeks, holding this quiet sector, learning the ropes. The rumor is, there's going to be a battle very soon. Hear anything of it?"

"Why, yes. The truck driver was saying—"

"No, I meant something official. I guess the report's true, all right—lot of activity lately. We all hope it's so. Chance to find out if the division's any good or not, chance to turn in and maybe wind up this man's war."

"When the test comes, I sincerely hope I can do my part," said Lieutenant Wingo earnestly.

"No reason why not," opined the adjutant. The telephone on his desk rang. He answered it.

"Say, what do you think? I ain't got time to look. If it's on your map, find it yourself"

"Hello, adjutant speaking . . . No, the major isn't here, he's gone away to staff school. I'm in charge . . . Oh, yes, Captain Swenson . . . Why, yes, I believe I did hear that you were having a bad tooth . . . Why, yes sir, of course I give a damn . . . But we really have done all we could sir, you can't just pick a dentist off a tree . . . No, I'm not trying to be insolent, sir . . . I'm very

sorry . . . Well, it just happens, Captain Swenson, that the dentist is here now. Just come in. Excellent dentist. Let me make an appointment for you at once. He'll pull that tooth for you in a jiffy . . . But you shouldn't let it wait . . . Now, Captain, if you're too busy to get back here, we'll send the dentist up to you . . . Oh, yes, I insist . . . No, I shall send him up, sir. You can count on it. He'll be there in a few days."

The adjutant hung up, grinning maliciously. The sergeant major managed a thin smile, too.

"Good cheery Captain Swenson," said the adjutant. "Well, he put his grumbling old mug into it that time, Sergeant. He was denouncing me because there was no dentist, when by George there *was* a dentist! Then he tried to crawfish out, but no chance. No, he'll get his dentist. Lieutenant Wingo, please listen to this carefully: Some time within the next few days, after you have

taken care of the various cases of petty toothache around here, please proceed to the front-line position and report to one Captain Swenson, commanding B Company of this battalion. He has a tooth, an incisor, I believe, that needs pulling. You go up there, Wingo, find that captain and pull that tooth. There's your duty, your chance to do your part, like you just said."

Lieutenant Wingo nodded, a high light of determination in his kindly blue eyes. "I won't fail you, sir," he said quietly. The adjutant felt sure that this was true.

DURING the next several days, Lieutenant Wingo busied himself with the immediate dental difficulties of that part of the Six Forty-First Machine Gun Battalion that was billeted there in the reserve position in Minorville; pulled, polished, and filled, while the First American Army formed, unnoticed by him, all around him. Shortly after noon of September eleventh he returned to his clinic from lunch and found that he had run out of patients. His mind at once snapped to the case of Captain Swenson, up in the front lines, and the adjutant's strict injunction with reference to Captain Swenson's tooth.

"I'm going up front this afternoon," Wingo informed the medical sergeant.

"You'll have quite a job of it," the sergeant suggested. "I understand they're all set now for the big show. Railroad artill-

sweating, serious, silent. As the medical sergeant had surmised, a great push was impending, the Battle of St. Mihiel. At five the next morning the assault was scheduled to begin.

There had been plenty of rain the past week and the unimproved road was sticky and treacherous. The trucks wheezed and snorted; the men sloshed along, shifting their heavy packs on their galled shoulders, cursing softly as they stumbled. Ever and anon a truck would slither sideways across the road, blocking all traffic. Then the crescendo of profanity would run forward and back, and presently a motorcycle sidecar would careen through to the spot, an authoritative voice would bark a command, and a hundred hands would shove the truck off the road onto its side in the soggy field.

Overhead there was slight visibility, the fog obscuring even the tops of the poplars that lined the road. Occasionally there was the angry drone of an airplane motor, flying low—an enemy perhaps?—the pilot trying to penetrate the gray curtain.

There was no sound of shelling in any direction. For the most part, there was surprisingly little noise of any kind; labored breathing and the clink of colliding metal parts. A man might have closed his eyes, standing a hundred yards away, and not realized that a multitude was passing.

Lieutenant Wingo trudged along with considerable difficulty. He had to dodge the trucks, and the marching men, and motor-

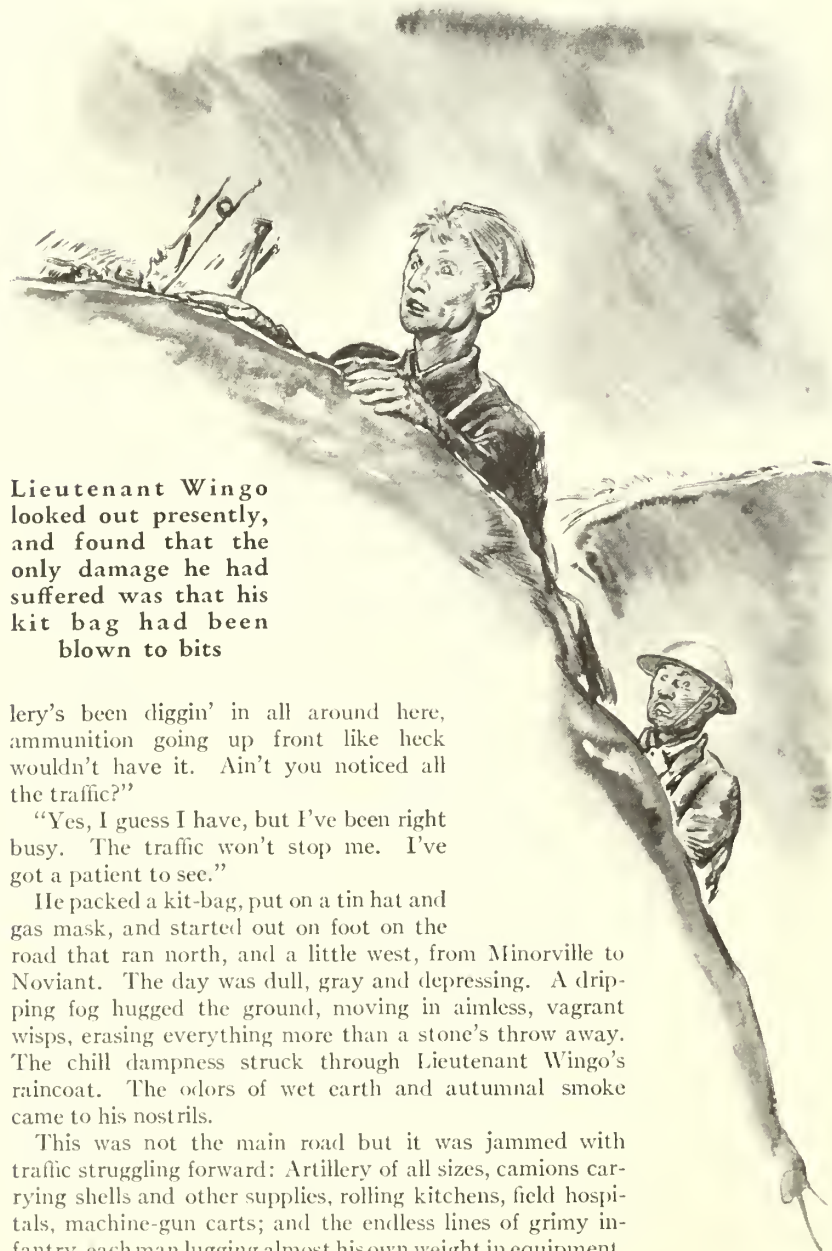
cycle couriers who took desperate chances with their own and other people's necks. There was a good deal of grumbling at him on the part of the riders and the walkers, and an occasional snarl, for somehow Lieutenant Wingo gave the impression of not being legitimately a part of this moving panorama, but a sightseer, a free lance. He was serenely undisturbed by this hostility, his mind being set on his own particular job.

He surveyed his present situation with satisfaction, a first lieutenant of the dental corps, charged with full responsibility for the oral well-being of a separate machine-gun battalion of six hundred men; some eighteen thousand teeth, that would work out to be. It was his first post of military duty unless he counted the few weeks that he had spent among the labor battalions in the south of France. He burned to serve.

Lieutenant Wingo had come to the Army from a modest but sufficient practice in a small Nebraska town, where he was well known and well liked. He had been through quite a struggle getting an education, getting established in life. He had had no time to accumulate superficial polish. But his struggles had developed a native tenacity that was magnificent, although it somehow seemed wasted in the career of a peacetime dentist. This quality of perseverance was not wasted now, however, when he was hunting one man among six hundred thousand, all of them strenuously on the move.

It took Wingo almost an hour to trudge the three kilometers to the village of Noviant, which was a mere hamlet in the support position, bulging now with men, munitions, and supplies. Just within the village confines there was an important junction where the road that Wingo traveled met the main highway that roughly paralleled the front. The lieutenant stopped to consult the map he had borrowed several days before from the adjutant.

One of the reddest-faced military police that Wingo had ever observed—and he had encountered quite a few in his journey up from the Pyrenees—was handling, in a manner of speaking, the traffic that surged four ways through Noviant. He was a young, bristly, chunky M. P. He was taking his authority very



Lieutenant Wingo looked out presently, and found that the only damage he had suffered was that his kit bag had been blown to bits

lery's been diggin' in all around here, ammunition going up front like heck wouldn't have it. Ain't you noticed all the traffic?"

"Yes, I guess I have, but I've been right busy. The traffic won't stop me. I've got a patient to see."

He packed a kit-bag, put on a tin hat and gas mask, and started out on foot on the road that ran north, and a little west, from Minorville to Noviant. The day was dull, gray and depressing. A dripping fog hugged the ground, moving in aimless, vagrant wisps, erasing everything more than a stone's throw away. The chill dampness struck through Lieutenant Wingo's raincoat. The odors of wet earth and autumnal smoke came to his nostrils.

This was not the main road but it was jammed with traffic struggling forward: Artillery of all sizes, camions carrying shells and other supplies, rolling kitchens, field hospitals, machine-gun carts; and the endless lines of grimy infantry, each man lugging almost his own weight in equipment,

He tapped around until an emphatic yowl came from the captain



seriously. He was trying to get caissons to stop promptly on his whistle; he was yelling hoarsely at truck-drivers and barking at file-closers. He was getting barked back at, and losing his temper and his discretion. He noted Wingo, leaning against the side of a building, peering at his map, and the sight somehow was very irritating.

It was then that Lieutenant Wingo decided to come over and ask the M. P. for directions.

"Listen, brother," he began, and somehow it was an unfortunate beginning, "I'm looking for Captain Swenson. Maybe you can help me."

"Oh, sure I can. They ain't only fourteen thousand captains milling around here now and I keep track of every one of 'em."

"Well, now, the man I mean is a machine-gun captain."

"Yeh, and they's a few machine-gunnars, too. Ye'll have to stand back, I'm directin' traffic through here. Look out!"

Lieutenant Wingo stood fast.

"The outfit I want is the Six Forty-First—B Company. They told me the command post was somewhere in a woods. Up there somewhere—?" He held out the map, pointing.

"Say, what do you think? I ain't got time to look. If it's on your map, find it yourself."

"But, I'll tell you, these maps are sort of strange to me. I can't seem to make them out. I don't know whether I'm going right."

Simultaneously, a suspicion and a hope struck the mind of the harassed M. P. The suspicion was that this man might be a German spy (they were reported to be numerous), craftily ascertaining where command posts were located; the hope that, anyway, if he arrested the man he would be relieved of the growing embarrassment of handling traffic. The twin promptings were sufficient, and the M. P. took Lieutenant Wingo in charge.

"Come wit' me! All this talk about where So and So is! If you was bony fide you'd know. Come along."

The captain of the military police was out on his rounds, and Wingo cooled his heels in the office. When the captain returned he heard the charges gravely, inspecting Wingo's kit of instruments, and his identification papers.

"And you say you're going up front to pull a tooth? Well, that's a great machine-gun captain, I must say, that's worrying about a sore tooth the day before a scrap. It's a

wonder he don't want you to fix him up with some gold bridge-work."

"You don't know about an ulcerated incisor, maybe; they're awful painful."

"Yes, and so is getting shot. Well, your story sounds nutty to me but, at that, I guess it's too nutty to be a lie. And no German ever lived that could imitate that Corn Belt drawl of yours. Hop to it, doctor, track down your victim and make him howl. There's machine guns all through the terrain up in front—you're getting close to the lines now—but keep inquiring and you'll spot your man."

An hour had been lost and it was almost four o'clock. The gray day was in process of changing into a completely dismal night as Lieutenant Wingo left Noviant and fell in with the stream of traffic that shoved interminably toward the front. The press of vehicles and men was even heavier than before. There were frequent forced pauses of the procession, during which the men smoked and shifted their packs, and then the jolting progress forward would resume again. Artillery, French and American, kept debouching into the fields, the wheels tearing deep wounds in the spongy turf. The great tents of a field hospital rose in a sheltered valley and the flag of the Red Cross was a spot of welcome color in all the grayness.

Another three kilometers of trudge and slosh, fog laving his face, and Lieutenant Wingo came into the village of Lironville, where he met the main road to the (Continued on page 50)

The EARNER COMES into HIS OWN

By Rexford G. Jugwell
Assistant Secretary of Agriculture
As told to Frederick C. Painton

THE deepest desires of men are centered in work, security and a decent living. Any government worth the name tries first of all to provide these. I cannot understand why it is said that this is a new idea; governments which did not accomplish such provision have always sooner or later been repudiated. It was through the ignoring of these concerns that America came to that terrible, gray day of March 4th last when the nation stood paralyzed on the brink of catastrophe. Perhaps those who were responsible misinterpreted the meaning of our history.

For a century or more, it is true, we had held to the tenet that the least government was the best. Such shibboleths as "free competition is the life of trade," and "less government in business" were accepted as axioms which would guide us to a manifest destiny. As recently as 1932 this whole philosophy of government was summed up in the words "rugged individualism." What they really meant as they had lately come to be used was "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." If under this theory of democracy a man made millions of dollars he was admired and envied; if he failed he was ignored and forgotten. The lure of such wealth kept us all struggling and blinded us to the defects of the system.

Gazing over past events we can readily see how such a concept came to be accepted. In the beginning we had a vast country with small population and enormous resources. Land could be had for the taking, and upon that land a man was king; settlers there were self-sufficient, or nearly so, and the less they had to do with government the better they liked it. As tides of immigration pressed upon the early settlers they moved west, and took with them the idea of *laissez-faire*. And the new peoples from crowded Europe gladly accepted the concept, for here, they thought, was the freedom, the independence and security they had dreamed of.

So long as we remained chiefly an agrarian state there was probably no need for change. But as the population grew by millions and tens of millions the needs of the people became more and varied. There were men who foresaw vast profits in supplying such wants. At first there were only small factories, independent, regional in their operations. But as transportation and communication became better, and as the possibilities of vast profits in exploitation were better understood, these factories were united into huge trusts and combinations. With their creation began an era of exploitation which was little checked. They heartily subscribed to the theory, "Keep government out of business." They seized on profits and grew enormous.

Free enterprise was preparing its own destruction.

The farmer, heavily bled of his profits, revolted. The Granger and Populist movements showed that something was wrong with this system. These were the warning raindrops of the economic hurricane to follow. The anti-trust laws operated as a certain kind of obstruction; but clever lawyers found the means to circumvent their spirit.

What happened, then, inevitably was that more and more of

the national income was made sterile. The theory was, of course, that the more of a commodity produced the greater the sales and the greater the profits. Wealth became centralized in vast fortunes and acres of bigger factories. No one gave thought to the possibility that there might be no market for this increased production. So there began an intensification of the cyclical periods of depression and prosperity which are so familiar to us now. Men, looking to the past for explanation, pointed to the Biblical prophecy of seven lean and seven fat years. Hence, they said, these cycles were natural to our growth and nothing much could be done about them.

There was none among the bankers and industrialists who saw that in building these greater factories and in diverting their profits to private uses a Frankenstein was being created that would eventually devour its makers. But this is what happened.

By 1928 there were but few more than ten million persons drawing their livelihood from the soil. Nearly thirty-nine million were dependent upon industry for life itself. But as more and more of the national income was taken by businesses and either segregated in private fortunes or ploughed back into industry for bigger production facilities, less and less of our total income went to the farmer and the wage earner.

The farmer, paying out more for his necessities than he received for his produce, slowly went bankrupt. The earner's wages did not keep pace with prices and he got less and less for his money. Gradually the buying power of our consumers dried up. Industry suddenly found itself producing more product than could be consumed. Promptly men were laid off. As more and more men were taken from work the national buying power grew less. And more men had to be laid off. The farmer got less and less for his crop. The buying power of our country shrank until what amounted to national disaster occurred.

Slowly the wheels of industry creaked to a halt. Over-expan-

"The return of a just share of income to the earner is the law of the new industrial age which we must obey to survive. And the sooner we acknowledge it the better"

sion of national credit endangered the banks. More than twelve million men who wanted to work, who believed they had the right to work, could find no work. Their desire to live decently and in security was denied them. Men who had borrowed cheap money now found themselves obliged to pay in dear money. Bonus army men, wanting the necessities of life, invaded Washington to demand money they thought it their due to have. Farmers, feeling the injustice of their position, fought the law that would

dispossess them from their land. The empty belly of America began to rumble.

The bankers and industrialists, sitting behind the dykes of huge surpluses built up out of national income in better times, trembled and were afraid but had no suggestions for remedial action. For three years they had administered their panaceas, and these had failed.

The inevitable consequence was revolution, a return to the deeper meaning of Americanism—the acceptance of responsibility for the common welfare, and the devising of ingenious ways to ensure it.

A REVOLUTION may be disorderly, accomplished with violence and bloodshed, or it may be brought about by the ballot. We achieved revolution last November with the ballot. It was, in my opinion, the greatest revolution since the founding of our nation; for we departed then, I think for good, from the dogmas of free competition and the theory that the least government is the best.

We began a New Deal in which the earner is entitled to a job, to a fair share of the national income, to a higher standard of living and reasonable security. A New Deal in which the farmer may expect to receive his just share of the nation's income.

To that end there have been begun government regulation of hours of work and wages in industry, and direct government aid to the farmer.

This has been accomplished by the permissive powers granted to the President by the Congress in passing the Reorganization Act, the Farm Act, the National Economy Act, the National Industrial Recovery Act and other bills. They all work together for one purpose, to re-establish the buying power of the farmer and the earner. The loss of that buying power brought on the depression; the preservation of that buying power becomes the first concern of the Government.

Under the Farm Act the farmer, through the processing taxes collected on his crops and government bonuses for reducing the planted acreage, may hope to approach the parity price of 1909-1914 for his produce. With the farmer again possessed of his fair share of our national income he will be able to buy the goods he needs and wants.

Under the National Industrial Recovery Act, earners are being given jobs at higher wages, and shorter hours of work to enjoy their better incomes. Possessed of buying power and reasonable security they can buy the goods they need and want.

These demands for goods ought to reflect themselves in our industries where production is already becoming greater; overhead costs will grow less because there will be an increasing volume of output over which they may be spread. Cheap goods, as well as high money wages, are counted on to raise the standard of living. If this program should be carried through we need never again fear the bogey of overproduction, of which so much was said during the last depression, because people's wants are never filled. They want new automobiles, radios, labor-saving devices in the home and a hundred and one other objects for their comfort and enjoyment, and if they receive the product of their labor in factories and on farms they will consume. In an era of balanced distribution of



Secretary Tugwell

national income there ought to be no depression, at least of such magnitude as we have come to know.

Even our industrial leaders are discovering that the farmer and the earner are the keys to our continued prosperity. Without them to buy, industry is sterile. It is in this sense that one can say "The earner has come into his own."

Already these two great plans are under way. The Farm Act is in operation. Millions of farmers have had benefits already and as this is written the National Recovery Administration is in the midst of its vast campaign to put men back to work at higher wages and shorter hours. With the people of the nation determined to follow there can be no failure. (Continued on page 46)

★ *The National Commander Says —*

This is *The* ARGONNE

Louis Johnson

IF NOAH had commanded a band wagon instead of an ark he could have picked up as passengers eventually all his fellow citizens who kept on thinking, up to the very moment the ark shoved off, it was just an ordinary rain. The trouble with Noah was that he didn't know human nature, although he was a good meteorologist. He didn't know that getting folks to go places is more than just providing the boat.

William Shakespeare observed, and a million sermons have echoed it, that there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. Regiments of high school boys and girls have delivered valedictory orations on the same theme. I haven't heard anybody, anywhere, deny the accuracy of the sentiment.

I have observed, however, that folks as a rule seem singularly unable to distinguish between a flood tide and any other sort of a tide. To most of us, one tide looks like another until it overwhelms us unawares or carries us wonderingly to heights of good fortune.

The big day dawns too much like any other day. Too often it is recognized as a big day only when it has passed. It takes the pealing of bells, the galloping of a Paul Revere, the rattle of rifle fire to awaken most of us to the full realization of big events. When we do wake up, of course, we are generous enough to compensate for our slowness by hip-hip-hooraying as loudly as anybody could wish. And we can bound into the band wagon at the last minute like a cowboy leaping into a saddle. We're all like that.

Because we are all like that, this country didn't discover it was really in the World War for several months after April 6, 1917. What we did afterward was what counted, of course.

Because we are all like that, we didn't know there was a de-

pression on until six or seven million men were out of work and our whole industrial structure was shaking as in an earthquake.

And because we are all like that, we didn't realize forthwith this summer that the nation had finally girded itself for the supreme struggle with the evil giant of the depression. When President Roosevelt announced the earliest details of his plans under the National Recovery Act, his words fell on ears calloused by unaccomplished evangelical pronouncements and promises of economic miracles.

The somewhat skeptical country accepted the National Recovery Act at first simply as just another plan. Now we know, it is more than that. This isn't Cantigny, Château-Thierry or St. Mihiel. This is the Argonne. This is the gigantic battle upon which the nation stakes its economic future. We must win this time or ahead of us will lie years of economic trench warfare even worse than those through which we have already passed.

Make no mistake now! History is again at the flood tide. We of The American Legion and our fellow citizens are riding on a torrent of great affairs. This is one of those years in which a new epoch is being molded. We do not belong to yesterday any more. We belong to tomorrow.

The whole nation has at last broken the paralyzing spell which held us powerless as we drifted closer and closer to disaster. Under our eyes and with our help there is now taking place one of the greatest transformations which have ever come to the

"WE MUST NOT FAIL—WE DARE NOT FAIL"

NATIONAL Commander Louis Johnson addressed these "battle orders" in August to all posts and all members of The American Legion. President Franklin D. Roosevelt telegraphed to National Commander Johnson expressing his "supreme faith" that The American Legion would meet the test of the crisis of 1933 just as it did a decade and a half ago.

MY COMRADES of The American Legion: Our country is in the middle of the greatest battle in its history. It is the Argonne of 1933, a fight to the finish to end conclusively the war of economic forces that has brought us all to the threshold of disaster. This battle must be won as decisively as that first battle of the Argonne in 1918 in France. Victory will be swift and certain if every loyal American citizen does his part. No politics whatever are involved. This is no time for slackers or conscientious objectors. This is a fight to bring contentment and plenty back to millions of American homes that otherwise face another winter of hunger and misery. It is a fight to give an honest job with an honest living wage to every breadwinner who wants to work.

We must not fail. We dare not fail.

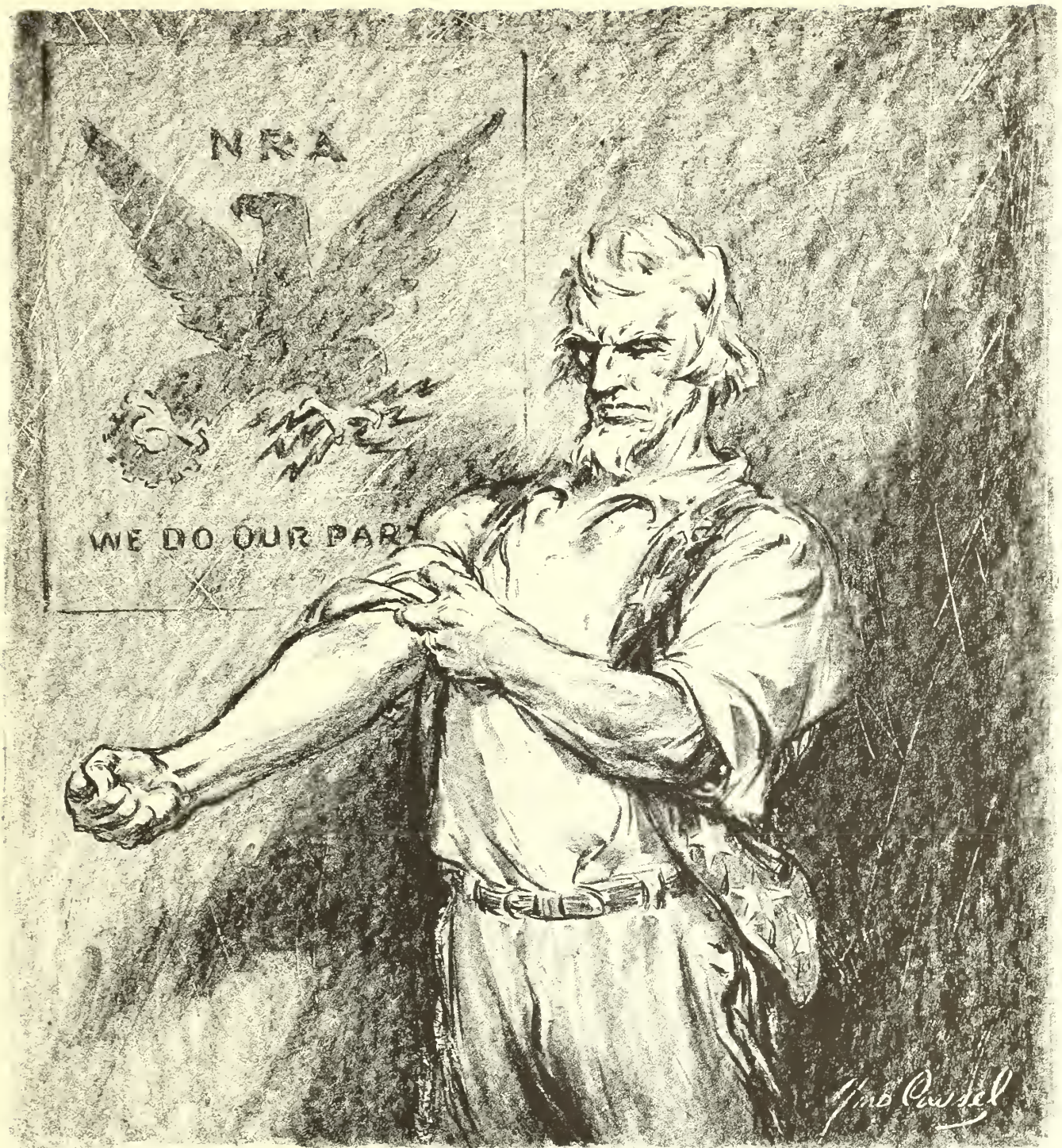
To the end that these objectives shall be reached swiftly and definitely I call upon all of the 10,760 posts of The American Legion to convene in meeting; to offer immediately their loyal co-operation and services to the official representative of the National Recovery Administration in their respective communities; and to co-operate in achieving its objectives. These are "battle orders."

In addition I call upon every individual Legionnaire to pledge his individual services in this great effort to end unemployment, increase purchasing power and banish the forces of depression, with their attendant suffering, from our gates.

Let us as The American Legion march a million strong into the battle lines of this struggle for national recovery and economic justice.

In the name of the welfare of our country, in the name of the thousands of our own comrades who are suffering, I ask you to enlist whole-heartedly and spontaneously in this campaign; to follow the Commander in this battle as faithfully as you followed your Commander in the World War.

For God and Country the Legion is again on the march. As patriots we can do no less.



Cartoon by John Cassel

United States—a transformation that will affect every citizen.

By the mightiest of efforts, after several years of suffering and destruction in which even the capacity for hope has been jeopardized, this nation of ours has rallied in a supreme resolve to abolish its troubles and to set up by sheer will power a new national system of trade and industry which will mean peace and happiness for us all.

This is the purpose of the National Recovery Act, and it is the National Recovery Act whose banner we have raised beside the Stars and Stripes in a tremendous nation-wide crusade which is gathering momentum with each new hour.

It was my duty as your National Commander to place at the call of the Commander of us all, the President of the United States, all the manpower, all the courage and all the will to serve, of The American Legion. On August 3d I sent to Franklin D. Roosevelt at his summer home in Hyde Park, New York, our assurance that the 10,760 posts and the one million members of The American Legion had entered the front lines to fight for

the National Recovery Act. I assured the President that we sought the privilege of fighting as shock troops in this Argonne of 1933. I said that in every home town of America, in every metropolis, the posts of The American Legion would go over the top to gain the objectives he had set.

President Roosevelt accepted our pledge. He telegraphed to me his reply. He said:

"I have just received your 'battle orders.' I have supreme faith that the loyalty of the Legionnaires will manifest itself in this crisis just as it did a decade and a half ago."

As the President's message reached me, I began receiving from all over the country pledges from Legion posts and Departments which proved that The American Legion was already actually on the march. From town after town, city after city, came reports of work being done by Legion posts to make effective the purposes of the National Recovery Act—to end unemployment, to increase purchasing power and banish the forces of the depression.

(Continued on page 56)

SIX MONTHS *after the* BANK HOLIDAY

By George W. Holmes

President, First National Bank of Lincoln, Nebraska

JUST what has happened in the half year since the bank moratorium? How do these changes affect you, your business, and the bank where you keep your account? What lessons of importance can be drawn for the future, both by the banker and the bank customer? Where does American banking stand today?

What you want to know, if I may draw some general conclu-

sions from the questions that my non-banking friends ask me over the bridge table or in the locker room at the golf club, are the answers to the questions outlined above. You are not interested in highly technical and statistical answers. You want your answers in everyday language.

By the time this article is in your hands, six months will have passed since the country's financial illness came to its crisis with

the bank holiday of early March. Since then there have been more changes in the banking set-up, and more radical changes, than have occurred at any time since the National Bank laws were passed in 1863 to create a banking structure which could meet the needs of the nation torn by Civil War. And to the man who is not forced to keep informed on banking developments, these shifts are more mystifying than otherwise.

In the first place—and this is the most important generality about this subject—banking is in much better shape today than it has been for a good many years. Some of the reasons are financial, some are statistical, some are just plain horse sense. But when you sum them all up, they lead to this conclusion.

There is no use trying to gloss over the fact that for a long time, culminating with the bank holiday, banking was slipping progressively into worse condition. Some of this was the fault of the bankers. Most of it was the fault of a financial depression more prolonged and more severe than anything within the experience of the bankers. And whatever you may charge to banking, in fairness you must admit that the losses to the public through bank closings and failures were proportionately less than the losses suffered on money used for almost any other purpose during the period.

A typical line before tellers' cages as banks throughout the country reopened after the holiday decreed by the Government





You know what was happening. The banks of this country, due to a loss of confidence in everything intangible, had been losing deposits at an abnormal rate for more than two years. As deposits shrank, the bankers turned their best assets into cash to pay out to the depositors. Such a process can continue only so far before reaching a crisis. The crisis arrived, by sheer coincidence, on the day that President Roosevelt took office. It required a quick operation if the patient was to be saved. The administration operated by closing every bank in the United States.

You know what this accomplished by giving the hard-pressed banks a breathing space, and by giving Federal and state banking authorities time to look over the individual banks. By the end of the holiday, each bank in the United States had been checked over, and those which reopened were judged sound by the authorities. Some more banks have been subsequently reopened by complying with conditions laid down. A good many banks were left closed.

Therein was the first great improvement in the banking situation. The weak banks were weeded out, and the public could safely consider the others good banks. To be sure, the authorities may have made a few errors on either side. I know of two reopened banks which have closed again since the holiday. But these were the rare exceptions, and it is a fair statement that a bank which has been reopened at any time since March 4, 1933, is a safe bank.

That the public understood this is testified by the statistics. I shall not bore you with them, merely saying that the average depositor reacted by putting his money back in the bank. Practically every reopened bank had the same experience: Its deposits

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE QUESTIONS MR. HOLMES RAISES AND ANSWERS:

1. Just what happened in the half year since the bank moratorium?
2. How do these changes affect you, your business, and the bank where you keep your account?
3. What lessons can be drawn for the future, both by the banker and the bank customer?
4. Where does American banking stand today?

on the first day it did business after the holiday increased enough to make its total deposits exceed what they had been just before. In other words, the people had gone to their safe-deposit boxes and under their mattresses and redeposited the money they had been holding in cash. Their confidence in their banks was restored.

So general has this movement been that as this is written the typical bank, either of a country town or of a great city, has deposits twenty percent higher than at the beginning of 1933. In some institutions the increase has been a little greater or a little less, but twenty percent is the most usual figure. This means that the people have regained their faith in banks. Therefore the greatest danger

to sound banks, which is public panic, has practically disappeared.

This has another advantage to the general banking situation. When the public is nervous, the banker has to keep an abnormally large proportion of his customers' money in cash. To do this, he must make borrowers pay their notes, he must sell his bonds and other investments even at a loss, for the sake of getting the cash. This causes general business stagnation, and likewise it makes it impossible for a bank to earn a profit. The bank which has all of its money in cash is not earning any interest, and consequently it is losing money. To be safe a bank, just like any other kind of business, must earn a profit. Now that the public is no longer panicky, the way is opened for the banks to lend their money, thus giving a new impetus to general business and giving themselves an opportunity to strengthen their own finances.

Other important changes have taken place since the bank holiday. For one thing, the bond market (Continued on page 48)

YOU *and the* 21st

By Samuel Taylor Moore

Unprejudiced by Either Dry or Wet Sympathies, Mr. Moore Here Inspects the Hard Statistics of the Hard Liquor Situation and Estimates How the Repeal of Prohibition Will Affect the Consumer's Pocketbook

TAKING for granted an early return of the legalized liquor traffic, the popular questions of thirsty Americans everywhere may be summed up in a paraphrase of the old familiar doughboy query, "When (and what) do we drink?" The answers to that combined question should cause more delight to the Drys than to the Wets.

When and how you may legally buy alcoholic beverages, if at all, after the 21st Amendment is ratified will depend primarily on where you live. What you may drink in wet territory will depend on your pocketbook. Frankly, the outlook is bleak for the bibulous connoisseur of average depression-days income.

Most intelligent persons understand that the 21st Amendment will not in itself restore a free and open traffic in liquor throughout the United States. When the Amendment is accepted by the thirty-sixth State it merely means that the constitutional ban

Until these state laws are repealed or modified alcoholic beverages may not be legally trafficked in within the boundaries of any of those States. In only eighteen States has the way been cleared for the barter and sale of strong drink. The States now counted Wet are Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Washington and Wisconsin.

Unquestionably that list will be somewhat lengthened before the 18th Amendment is nullified, but even those States now recorded as Wet have been dilatory in preparing the way for regulated legalization. Most of the eighteen have merely repealed all laws forbidding traffic in liquor without enacting new laws anticipating the return of legal drinking. In the absence of state laws prohibiting the sale of liquor, unless local laws under



on the manufacture, transportation, importation and sale of alcoholic beverages is removed so far as Federal jurisdiction is concerned. Each of the forty-eight States is free to determine whether it shall remain Dry or join the Wet parade. In turn, communities in the Wet States may optionally decide their status. But whichever choice the majority voters of a State or community may make, the Federal Government will maintain supreme control of the traffic all the way from the source of liquor to its retail sale.

As this is written thirty States must be counted as Dry because the voters or legislatures have failed to repeal state Dry laws.

Cultivation of vineyards by tractor is a commonplace in California. Owners of tracts like this will face a neat little tax problem as soon as stronger wines are legal, but they're not worrying about it

police powers provide for control, there is nothing to prevent an enterprising citizen from hiring a vacant store on the day the 21st Amendment becomes a part of the Constitution and opening up a bar. In the unlikely event that such a forehanded merchant could provide a supply of wet goods which would merit steady

AMENDMENT



The vineyards of France have been producing faithfully all through America's drought, but now they expect to find a new pot of gold at the end of the repeal rainbow

one-hundred proof or less. One-hundred proof means fifty percent alcoholic content. The proof measurement is best exemplified by commercial alcohol, cologne spirits, which often will test at 100 proof. Although the actual liquid volume is one ordinary gallon the tax must be figured at \$6.40 multiplied by 1.9, or \$12.16 a gallon. Should the gallon of alcohol be made into twelve quarts of gin (rectified is the government term for all such conversion) an additional tax of thirty cents a gallon is imposed, bringing the tax on the completed gin product to \$13.06. The conversion tax, although comparatively modest, will repeatedly figure in any wet goods you may buy.

The foregoing tax schedule does not apply to spirituous liquors intended for medicinal purposes. When restricted to such use the tax is but \$1.10 a wine or proof gallon.

In the light of such a high tax for hard liquor the thirsty may regard with pleasure a reassuring low range of taxes on wines. Wines of from 3.2 to 14 percent alcoholic content are taxed at but four cents a gallon. Wines from 14 to 21 percent alcoholic content are taxed at ten cents a gallon, above that at

25 cents a gallon. Champagnes and all sparkling wines are taxed at twelve cents a half pint. The present beer tax is five dollars (Continued on page 42)

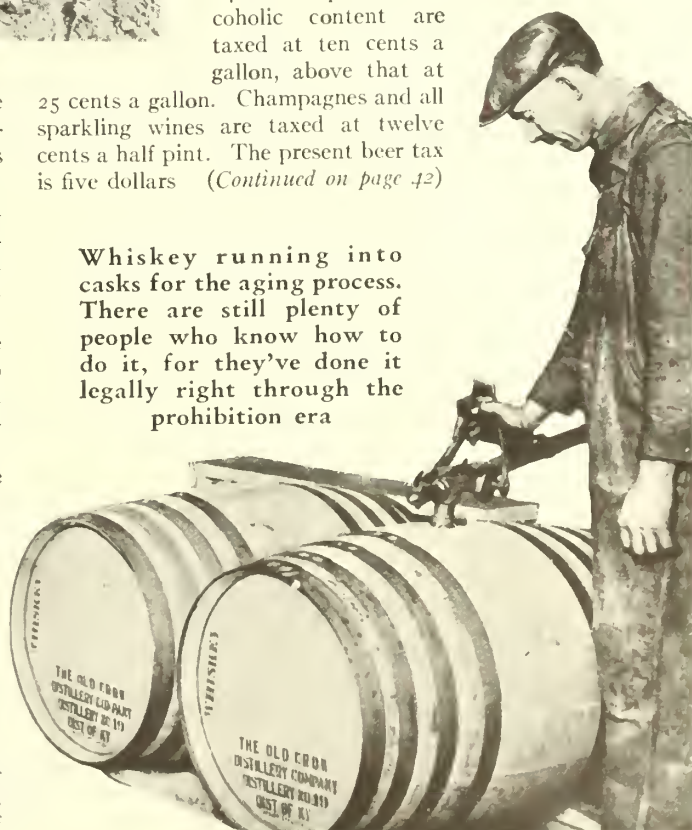
patronage the only law he would be amenable to would be the Federal law. That law provides that a retailer shall make application for a Federal license accompanied by twenty-five dollars within thirty days after the first sale is made.

Congress no less than the legislatures of a majority of the Wet States has yet to provide complete machinery for the regulation and control of the liquor traffic upon its probable restoration, and under the new Lane Duck Amendment Congress will not meet again in regular session until January. Therefore, if the 18th Amendment is repealed by Christmas, Federal control must be exercised under existing laws. Present laws of greatest concern to the prospective legal drinker are those dealing with taxation and customs duties insofar as they will play a vital part in determining the cost of legal liquor to the individual.

Section 600 of the Internal Revenue Laws is the keystone of the structure of all domestic Federal liquor taxation. Because the sale of liquor cannot be legal so long as the 18th Amendment is in force, the paragraph under which spirituous liquors will be taxed is headed, "If diverted for beverage purposes." That tax is \$6.40 a "proof" or wine gallon. Under the Prohibition laws every liquor seizure made by enforcement agents has been taxed at that rate, regardless of the criminal aspects of the law violation. But that tax was not made excessive as a deterrent to wrong-doers. It originated as a war revenue measure before Prohibition became effective.

It should perhaps be explained that the interchangeable proof-gallon or wine-gallon measures are based on alcoholic content. The wine-gallon measure is applied to spirituous beverages of

Whiskey running into casks for the aging process. There are still plenty of people who know how to do it, for they've done it legally right through the prohibition era



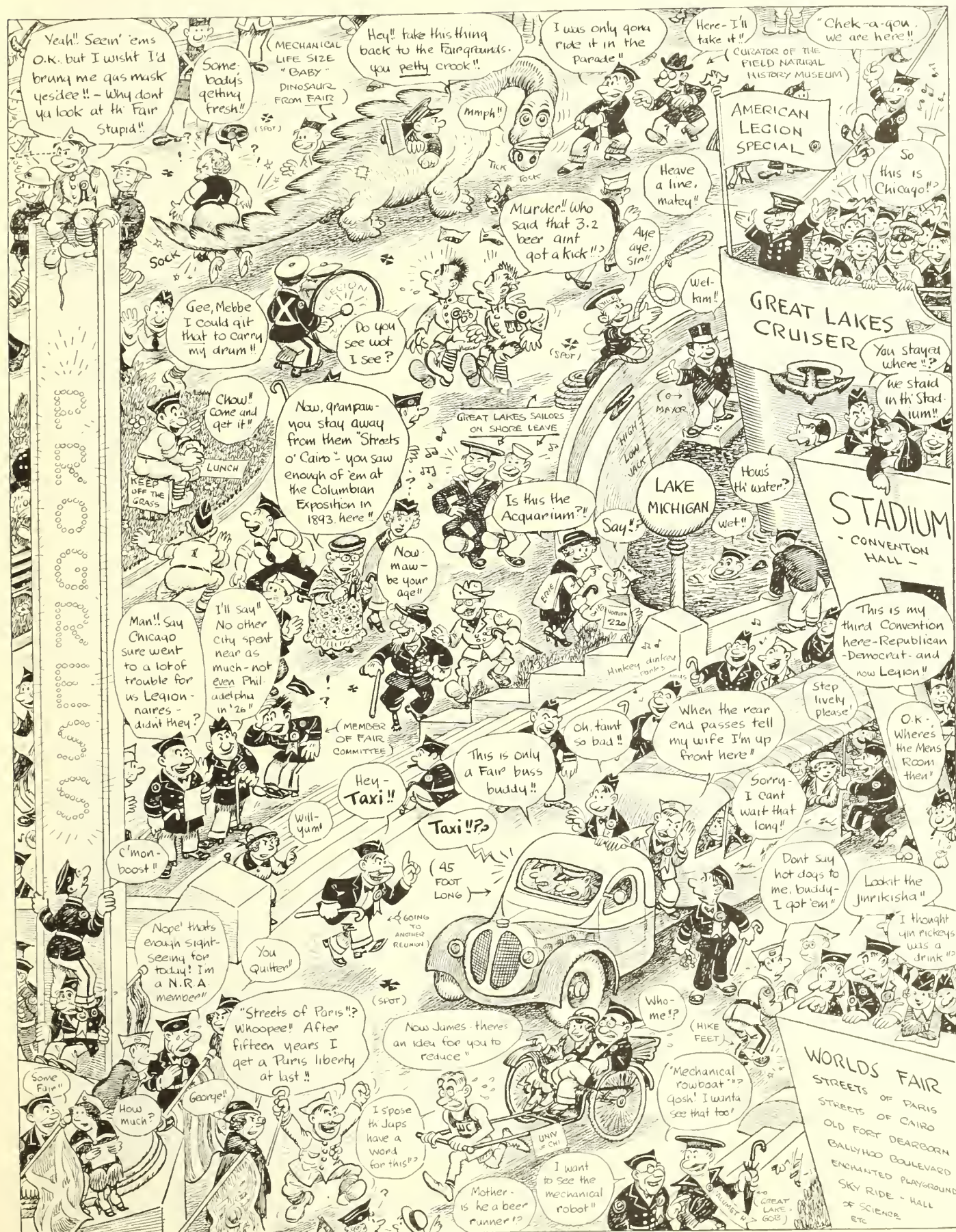
Fifteenth National Convention,



-AND HERE'S THE KEY TO THE TOWN

The American Legion, October 2-5

By Wallgren



My WAR and YOURS by

FREDERICK PALMER

MY OWN view is that I had the meanest, most thankless and inglorious job in the A. E. F. for the first six months of its history. If any freight wrestler on the docks at Bordeaux, anyone with particularly fragrant memories of kitchen police duty, thinks he had a meaner job, let him speak up after hearing my tale of woe.

When I look back I am in the nightmare of the dismal old building where, behind dingy, black curtains, the French censors bent over their task in deleting military secrets that might profit the enemy. Again I am saying No when I want to say Yes; every day I am making fresh enemies and never a friend; I am being jabbed on all sides like a dummy at bayonet practice.

Of my own free will I took that job as the way to do my bit to help win the war at the time that the censors and all insiders were of the opinion that Germany had it as good as won—America was in too late. Lest I appear to pity myself too much, I will add that I would not have taken the job if I had not known John J. Pershing when he was a captain; and that just as he was an able soldier, so he was on the square as a man. Even then I doubt if I would have accepted it if I had not been somewhat sorry for J. J. P.

Doesn't that seem funny today—little me being sorry for General John J. Pershing with four stars on his shoulders, and enough decorations, if he wore them all, to make a solid breastplate and stomacher from shoulders to hips? However, it was not so funny in June, 1917, after he had arrived in France to learn the truth which the censors behind the black curtains were keeping from the public. Russia was finished. There had been mutinies in the French

Frederick Palmer abandons the neutrality of the war correspondent and becomes a soldier after having seen wars at first hand for twenty years

AFTER battling the censor for most of the twenty years of his war correspondent career, Frederick Palmer organized the A. E. F. censorship. When it got to functioning smoothly Pershing gave him a roving assignment as observer and critic, so that he saw more of the big show than any other American

army. The British were drawing the arrows to their breasts in order to give the exhausted French time to recover their breath after their spring disaster. Hurry America! Hurry America!—but what had we to hurry with?

J. J. P. had not enough soldiers in France to make one combat platoon—accompanying the little group of officers who had made their offices in a private house on the Rue Constantine. (It looked as if a historical plaque on that house might one day appropriately carry the words, "Here the A. E. F. was still born.")

If the French army had broken he would have been down on the coast, still insisting that he would have an army yet, and discipline it, too, as he looked across three thousand miles of sub-

No. 222	
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES	
Corps Expéditionnaires Américains	
IDENTITY CARD CARTE D'IDENTITÉ	
Name	Frederick Palmer
Nom	
Rank	Major, Sig. Corps
Grade	A. E. F.
Duty	Adjutant General
Fonction	
Signature of Holder	Adjutant General.
Signature du Titulaire	Frederick Palmer

I am relieved from duty with the A. E. F. the holder must turn in this Card to the C. O. of the post of embarkation.



Palmer, Count de Chambrun and Secretary of War Baker in a trench in the Lunéville sector. This photograph was made March 19, 1918, two days before big things began to happen elsewhere on the Western Front

marine-infested ocean to our shipless country where raw recruits were in training to win victory over the skilled, hardened German veterans. It was easy to imagine the leader of a German patrol accosting J. J. P. in this fashion:

"You are the American general, I believe. We don't know where your army is, but it doesn't seem to be in sight, and we shall ask you to come along with us. You do not seem to have heard that the Kaiser has been in Paris for several days, and the war is over."

Even then, J. J. P. would probably have said:

"You're wrong. This war is only beginning." And he would have squared his jaw, as if he expected that to take the place of an army three thousand miles from his shipless, unprepared country.

If the censors had let the truth of the situation, in June, 1917, pass their desks, some of the weak Allies might have quit at once in order to get better terms than by waiting, and the Germans would have thought they had the enemy so groggy that they need only summon the strength for one more blow to end the ordeal. While Allied censorship kept back the truth, cheery little brother propaganda was busy trying to make the Allies think that the Germans were groggy and that as soon as America added her weight, the Kaiser would take the count.

To hearten French morale, little brother propaganda was picturing American hosts as about to arrive to distribute showers of gold dollars and relieve the French in the trenches, while clouds of American airplanes hid the sun as they bombed the German lines. The War Department and J. J. P. knew that we must have an army in France larger than anyone dreamed, and it would take many months to train it, transport it, and make it ready for action. It was not in the nature of Newton D. Baker or J. J. P. to promise more than they could do. The Allies had been fed with the promise of too many miracles. Russia was not the only busted promise.

The French were worried lest our famously free press would

spill vital military secrets. Our Army also must be under strict military censorship. There was no officer who would not try to dodge the job of censor. Whoever became censor ought to know the ways of the press, of European armies, and politics. When the Allies were demanding our immediate action at the front, which was impossible—when the French wanted to put our men as raw recruits into the French Army and the British wanted to take us under their wing—that censor must keep our public patient and understanding of necessary delay, and stand between the impatience of the Allies and the nucleus of the A. E. F. to protect it from irritations and frustrations which would make its Herculean task the harder.

My part had been that of the correspondent who submitted his copy to the censor—the confounded, dash-dash censor. I knew the Western Front and Allied politics from submarine zone to the front. Should I change from the censored to censor?

I SEEMED to be destined and equipped to wear the hair shirt. At forty-four I was told that I was too old for the trenches. Outwardly the shirt was an American uniform, with major's leaves on the shoulders, and when I put it on I gave up my regular work which I loved, for one-tenth the pay. Friends wondered if I had gone insane. Who would know what I was in for, if not myself out of my experience?

In six months my prestige would be worn to rags; my newspaper friends would turn against me for not allowing them to print enough, and the Army staff for allowing too much to be printed, and my ribs would be raw from the digs of complaints from the Allies. So I foresaw it, and so it happened.

At the outset, the French proposed to save us having a censor. They were ready to do all the censoring for us, and all the propaganda. Perhaps their control of our news might aid their campaign to recruit the French army with our man-power. If we never had an independent army in France, we would never need an American censor.



Château - Thierry after the German retreat to the Ourcq and the Aisne was well under way

But when I became Chief of our press division, it appeared to me that—as there must be censorship—we needed not only a censor for our own Army but an American sitting in behind the black curtains of the *Bureau de la Presse*. The French did not like the idea at first, but yielded. If we did not keep watch of the fulminations of the skyblue optimism of little brother propaganda to the French people, one day J. J. P. would be saying:

“Look at this stuff! It is fooling the Allies with promises which I cannot fulfil for a year or more. The Americans are not going into the trenches until they are ready. Not an airplane has been shipped from home yet. I don’t know when one will arrive.”

When the promises were not fulfilled the French would be saying:

“Where is this American Army? Why isn’t it fighting? It’s all American bluff. There will never be an American Army in France.” And French morale would suffer another drop.

If we were to be loyal Allies our press regulations must conform to theirs. But I made ours more liberal—as liberal as I could without insuring an outcry from the French High Command. No, I did not write the mail censorship regulations. I was not the fellow that made all the “Somewhere in France” rules which applied to private letters. I was merely the goat that got the credit for them.

“That’s the bird that won’t even let us keep a diary,” I heard one doughboy say to another as I passed by.

The A. E. F. had sixteen correspondents when we had fewer than sixteen combat soldiers. That was the same number as were accredited to the huge British and French armies and who had something to see and automobiles to take them where they wanted to go. At the start we had only six automobiles for our whole army staff. Our sixteen correspondents were all dressed

up with no place to go, and no transport if they had a place to go.

And newspaper men wanted news, and the readers of their papers wanted to know what the A. E. F. was doing. For months not an American soldier was firing a shot at the enemy or being shot at. Our newspaper men had nothing to see and nothing to

write about except the drudgery of the drills of our first contingents as they prepared to go into the trenches at a distant date. Drill, drill, drill, as our recruits at home were being drilled, and as the British New Army had been drilled! There was nothing new or exciting about that.

Arriving divisions, or parts of divisions, must not be identified because the French said that this would reveal our numbers. And our numbers might well be concealed for French morale’s sake, when they were so few, reinforced so slowly, and so handicapped for want of supplies.

“Is this all that America can do after she has been nine months in the war?” a visiting French correspondent asked me in December, 1917.

“Wait a little, and you will see how fast they come when they are ready for a real start,” I said. And he was to see.

But, at the time, I had a sense that I was whistling to keep up my courage—and trying to make my jaw look like J. J. P.’s—while the correspondents were responding to the lead by not mentioning the cold, the misery the troops were enduring in that winter of the A. E. F.’s “Valley Forge.”

All the copy written by accredited newspaper men with the young, coughing, croupy, shivering

A. E. F. must be cheerful; and even more cheerful, after the Italian disaster, which promised then to put Italy out of the war; and still more cheerful when we had a report that the muster of all the German strength might direct its great spring drive against the region where we had our sector.

I was supposed to know just what was in the minds of all the staffs, when their views were changing with the fluctuations of the news from Russia, the hard-pressed Italian army, and the



German prisoners carrying Signal Corps photographic apparatus

Typical Argonne scenery and typical Argonne mud

secret reports about German plans. When in doubt, my business as the boss No man was to say No.

I grinned out of a downturned corner of my mouth when I was pointed out as the man who knew all the secrets of the armies. I knew a good many, and some that I thought ought to be told when it was orders that they should not be told. A secret which I might not tell left me without explanation why many an item of news might not go. I had to suppress truth, and let fiction pass, if it would help confuse the enemy, or help French morale.

Never had I hated censorship so as when I was censor. I hate war and all its consequences, and one of its consequences is censorship. Otherwise, the enemy need not employ spies, make trench raids, or send scouting planes over your lines. Otherwise, your strength and its location and your plans will be revealed to him. Often a single apparently harmless item will complete the picture puzzle for his intelligence bureau.

There were times when I wanted to exclaim as I cut a bully newspaper story:

"Send it all! Send anything you want to! We live in a free country that has a free press. No more censorship."

But some correspondent who did not understand the game, or was so eager to score a headline that he could not resist temptation, would bring the blast from statesmen in London, Paris, and Rome, and from the headquarters of all the armies:

"Where is your censor? The news he is letting through may kill thousands of our soldiers and lead to disaster to the cause."

"Why doesn't that damned censor let you publish something naming our division and naming our officers and men, so people at home will know what we are doing?" a general would say to the correspondents. Answer: The Allied censorship regulations which it was my duty to enforce no less than that of any other soldier to obey orders. That same general might send in word that he wanted some incident suppressed. The answer was that I was



doing the censoring. The censorship was not a stone on which to brighten up personal reputations.

"Why do you allow your newspaper men to go to Paris on leave?" a general asked me. "Why don't you keep them where they belong—keep them under discipline?"

The only consolation of my job was that I could talk back to generals, for the reasons that follow:

"You look after your job, and I'll look after mine," I told this general. "Make up a delegation of protest, and lead it to the Commander-in-Chief, and get me fired or shot. There are times when I should prefer to be shot." Another answer to critics was: "I am going to recommend you as censor. You are evidently just the man for the job."

When two of our correspondents wandered beyond their prescribed area, and went to see Verdun, the French staff put them

under arrest, and French headquarters indignantly demanded: "Why don't you keep your correspondents in your own lines? These two had no conducting officers, which is strictly against the rules." Meanwhile, the colleagues of the two wanted to know why I had shown the two such favoritism by allowing them to see Verdun.



Men of the 32d Division advancing while in support of the first line near Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, October 18, 1918

When cables from editors at home roared into our headquarters with protests that an accredited correspondent, who had returned home, had written articles which had not been censored, our staff proposed to denounce him publicly for his bad faith after he had signed an agreement to write nothing about the Army that was not censored. His colleagues at the front, too, thought he ought to be made an example of. J. J. P. proposed to do so. A public denunciation from J. J. P. in that crisis would be cruel punishment to the reputation of that correspondent, who, in fact, had given away no military secrets.

"General," I said, "this man is very (Continued on page 38)

AS WE SEE THINGS NOW

By Wright Patman

MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM TEXAS

THE grapevine intelligence service of the A. E. F., that unofficial amplifier and loudspeaker of every vagrant rumor between Brest and Bar le Duc, contributed magnificently and humorously to the unwritten history of the World War. I am not sure that anybody ever whispered playfully that Marshal Foch was in reality a scion of the Hapsburgs or that General Pershing was preparing to put the A. E. F. in a bag to deliver it, C. O. D., to the Crown Prince in the Argonne, but had any such innuendo been born humbly or maliciously in any remote latrine the grapevine would have buzzed with it throughout France. Had every crushing defeat carried by the grapevine been substantiated, the A. E. F. itself would have been obliterated.

The grapevine, kept working in France to the very last, got right on the job when the returning A. E. F. began landing back home after the Armistice. Everybody will remember that deathless rumor of 1919 to the effect that hospital ships were docking secretly in out-of-the-way ports to unload entire cargoes of "basket cases"—soldiers who had lost both arms and both legs. That rumor was a classic of the A. E. F., along with the rumor that during our hardest fighting days Uncle Sam was being compelled to pay to the French rent on the trenches we had dug—so much per mile or per acre.

I never believed that beefsteak and ice cream were being served in every A. E. F. dugout. In March of 1933, however, I had sufficiently thrown off my army-bred scepticism to swallow, hook and sinker, the first report that The American Legion had endorsed the so-called Economy Act. And that report made me pretty mad.

Yes, I actually believed that first report that National Commander Louis Johnson had not only endorsed the Economy Act, but had pledged the full support of The American Legion to the Administration in its enforcement. I was furious. I voted against the bill, believing that it was a brutal and an unmerciful proposal and that its enactment would be a monumental mistake.

I was still hot under the collar when I began to realize the truth. Out of the smoke of rumors I got that truth in the Commander's own words, the statements he issued at the proper time. Mr. Johnson did not endorse the Economy Act. He opposed it and the entire Legion organization opposed its enactment. It was only after the Economy Act had been made a law over the Legion's protest that the Commander pledged to the Government the Legion's support to carry out the announced policy in its administration.

I am from Texas, and down our way right is very much right and wrong is very much wrong. I formed the opinion, based on the very earliest reports, that the Legion had gone wrong. It is fitting now that I make a confession of honest error. I thought National Commander Louis Johnson was wrong in going as far as

he did in pledging to the Government the Legion's support following the passage of the Economy Act. I thought he should have continued to oppose the law tooth and nail after the passage of the act as he had opposed it before it was passed. Now I acknowledge that I was wrong and National Commander Johnson was right. The road he took was the road that led to the later modification of the law, and any other road would have led to defeat, discredit and a loss of public confidence.

I think that others were also puzzled by those first reports. Looking back, I am reminded of the story of a stock speculator. The report got out that this speculator had made \$60,000 on the stock of General Motors. When he was asked about it, the speculator replied: "It was not General Motors; it was Warner Brothers stock. The amount was not \$60,000; it was \$100,000. I did not make it; I lost it."

National Commander Johnson sounded the keynotes of the

"I THOUGHT National Commander Louis Johnson was wrong in going as far as he did in pledging to the Government the Legion's support following the passage of the Economy Act. I thought he should have continued to oppose the law tooth and nail. Now I acknowledge that I was wrong and Commander Johnson was right. The road he took was the road that led to the later modification of the law, and any other road would have led to defeat, discredit and loss of public confidence."

Legion's policy on the Economy Act as an accomplished fact in words which still ring with truth, sincerity and wisdom. There was no mistaking then, and no one can misinterpret now the solemn admonition in his statement issued just after the law was passed on March 16th. He said:

"This new legislation is fraught with gravest consequences to the disabled veteran. The President, under the authority given him, has powers of life and death over thousands of men who once gladly offered their lives in a period of national emergency. The Legion has every faith in the discretion, fairness and the justice with which the President will deal with this problem, involving as it does in

many instances the need of compassion and mercy."

It was not mere expediency which led Mr. Johnson to follow this with a declaration that: "The President needs the support of every loyal American, and today I am calling upon the 10,809 Legion posts and our one million members throughout our great organization to uphold the pledge that I have made as the National Commander of The American Legion." It was the sportsmanlike thing to do, the patriotic thing to do, as we see it

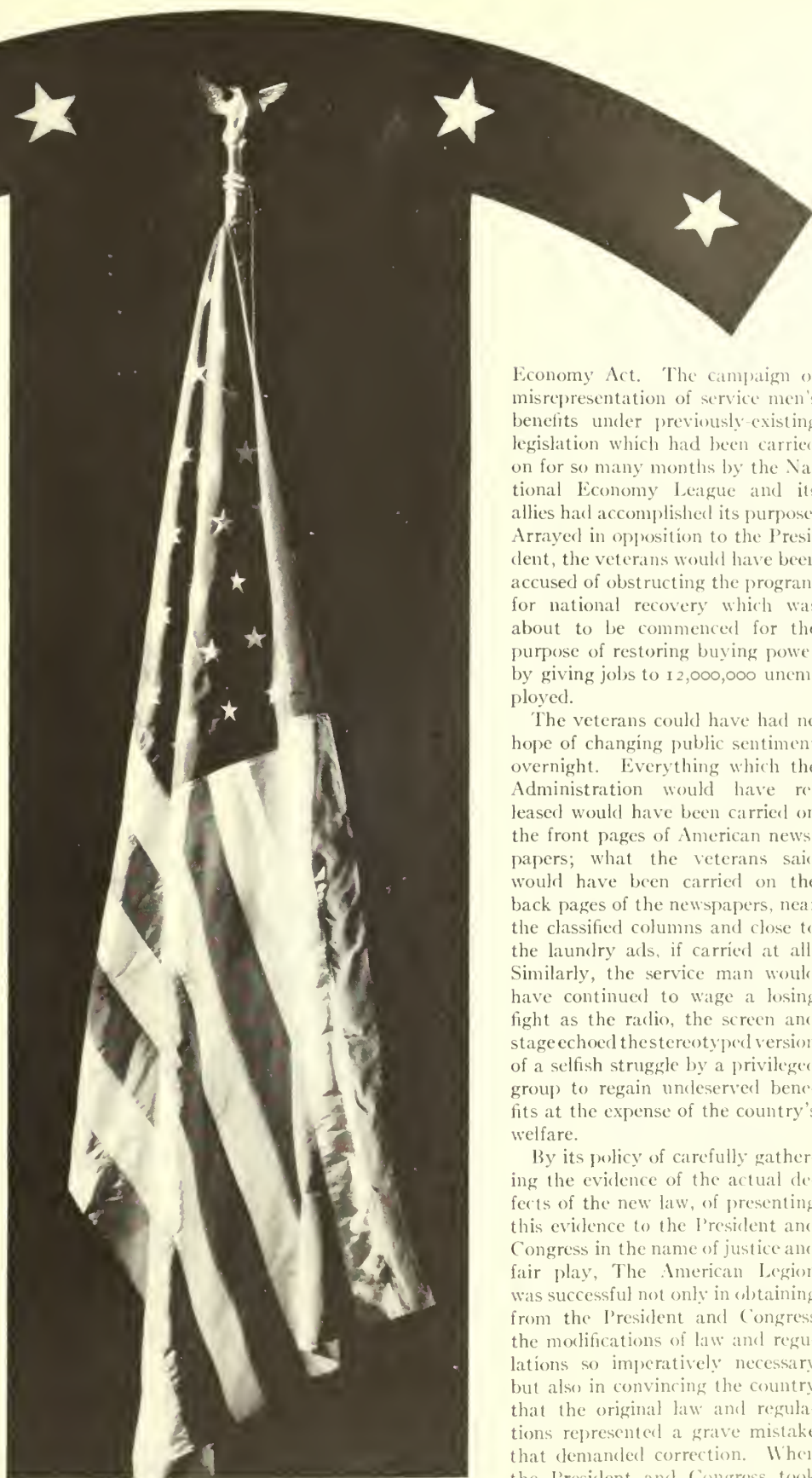
now in the full light of all later circumstances. And, moreover, it was the one thing to do to keep open the road to the early and inevitable modification of the original harsh terms of the law. Not all of us saw this clearly at the time, but I do not believe there are many who do not realize that truth now.

The original law and the regulations attendant upon it were so shot full of cruelties and inadequacies that a stubborn insistence upon its unchanged preservation would have gone down in history as a colossal blunder of statesmanship. The American Legion, under the wise policy it had adopted, was in the happy position of preventing that blunder, of being able to step forward in the name of humanity and common sense to appeal to the President, to Congress and to the American people. And, having demonstrated its own moderation and wisdom, it was heard and heeded.

The remodeling of the law and its regulations, accomplished by the President and Congress in response to The American Legion's reasonable requests, has saved the good name of the nation and has saved tens of thousands of disabled men and their dependents, as well as the widows and orphans of those who died, from hardships and suffering for which the United States would have offered apologies for all time.

In the haste and confusion of the final days of the most critical session of Congress since the World War not all the hoped-for modifications of the Economy Act could be carried out, but the Legion has brought into view the injustices still to be rectified. And it has kept open the road by which these injustices will be corrected later.

We may now see clearly what would have happened if all veterans' societies had assumed the attitude of making the Economy Act an issue with the President at the time of its passage. Going before the people of this country at that time with a policy of stubborn opposition to the President the service man would have butted against a stone wall of popular sentiment—sentiment solidly confident of the President's good intentions and sentiment blindly convinced that the times called for some such law as the



Economy Act. The campaign of misrepresentation of service men's benefits under previously-existing legislation which had been carried on for so many months by the National Economy League and its allies had accomplished its purpose. Arrayed in opposition to the President, the veterans would have been accused of obstructing the program for national recovery which was about to be commenced for the purpose of restoring buying power by giving jobs to 12,000,000 unemployed.

The veterans could have had no hope of changing public sentiment overnight. Everything which the Administration would have released would have been carried on the front pages of American newspapers; what the veterans said would have been carried on the back pages of the newspapers, near the classified columns and close to the laundry ads, if carried at all. Similarly, the service man would have continued to wage a losing fight as the radio, the screen and stageechoed the stereotyped version of a selfish struggle by a privileged group to regain undeserved benefits at the expense of the country's welfare.

By its policy of carefully gathering the evidence of the actual defects of the new law, of presenting this evidence to the President and Congress in the name of justice and fair play, The American Legion was successful not only in obtaining from the President and Congress the modifications of law and regulations so imperatively necessary but also in convincing the country that the original law and regulations represented a grave mistake that demanded correction. When the President and Congress took action to restore many of the bene-

fits which had been destroyed and to prevent much of the injustice inherent in the original law and regulations, there was scarcely a note of criticism in the country's newspapers. On the contrary, the whole country joined in the approval of this course, and the tide of opinion is again pro-Legion.

The wisdom of the Legion's course may be measured in its actual results, and I cite these as the most important, in addition to the restoration of the service man. (Continued on page 42)

BOYS *on the* HOOF

by
Rev. C. J. Normoyle



Jumping rides on freight trains looks like highly romantic business to boys in their 'teens, but it can easily lead to death or disabling injuries

AN OLD-TIME hobo, some two years or more ago, led me into my first direct experience with the problem of the wandering boy. Since then, I have met and tried to help several scores of such boys, members of a homeless body roaming the United States. The number of them of ages from early 'teens on up to twenty-four is said to be between 300,000 and 500,000. They are an outgrowth of the four-year jobless era. No convincing solution of the problem they present has as yet been worked out or even advanced. I think an approach to such a solution lies within the power of members of The American Legion.

This hobo had for years frequented, in season, the neighborhood of my home town at Cannon Falls, Minnesota, a little place of 1,500 people. He came to me, a Catholic priest, to ask whether I could not do something with two young boys who had drifted into town—vagrants.

"They're only kids," said the tramp, "and this bumming from place to place is no life for a boy. They've been hanging around the jungle down by the river. Maybe you could talk to them—get them to quit the road. There's nothing in being a tramp; it is no good. If they're caught young—"

FOR some four years great numbers of boys have been taking to the road—hitch hiking, hopping freights, living in hobo jungles—and leading a precarious existence generally. Father Normoyle, who is Chairman of the Americanism Committee of the Department of Minnesota, tells of the dangers of these conditions to the boys themselves and to the nation

I talked with the boys, asked them to the parish house where we sat down together and got acquainted. Soon they were telling me their story. It was rather simple. They had had enough of the road, were willing to go home but loath to make the overtures. They didn't like to admit that they hadn't made a go of the roving life. If I would break the ice, that would be different.

Their homes were in the East. One boy had become mixed up in a theft of some radio parts and, fearful of a reform school ending, had lit out. The other had a cross father, hard to get along with.

The boys had been drifting around the country since, more than a year, living the customary life of the several hundred thousand other boys similarly at large and seeking work or at least bare subsistence—walking the highways, hitch-hiking, riding freight trains, subject to constant bodily hazard and hardship, standing in breadlines or at soup kitchens and lodging in flop-houses in the larger cities or doing odd jobs and panhandling when necessary in the smaller places, sleeping in deserted houses, in box cars, in jungle camps, always on the move, being shunted from one town to another by the authorities where communities had a time limit for transients, eating irregularly and of inadequate food, going hungry, poorly dressed, ill at times, discouraged, slowly growing hopeless of the future.

With every closing of high schools and colleges since 1920, new hosts have joined this migrating horde, being graduated into a world without jobs for them and, in many cases, without jobs for their fathers. Economic stalemate explains much, but not all, of the situation. Granted that these boys are primarily out looking for work and that not a few have left home to lighten the



Sleeping in your clothes and in any old place is just as bad for a youngster today as it was fifteen years ago, but sometimes it's just as necessary

family burden in these hard times, there are still the factors of unhappy homes, of dissatisfaction with the routine of school, of a desire for freedom from discipline and oversight, of a yearning to go places.

The boys before me were both about eighteen. Yes, they'd be glad to go back home and stay there if arrangements could be made, if their parents would take them back. I telegraphed the fathers and had immediate replies asking me to tell the boys to come home and stating that transportation would be wired.

I've heard from the boys since; both are in school, and cured of the road. They have learned a valuable lesson: In the great majority of cases, there is no place like home.

Our little town is at the intersection of two busy paved highways, is on the main line of a railroad and close to another railroad. These transients follow the well-traveled routes. In the next eighteen months I met right there in the town, not continuously, for these wanderers go south in winter, as many as sixty foot-loose boys, of seventeen or eighteen and on into the early twenties. I believe that fully as many passed through without my having met them. Some of the boys told me they had seen girls and women also hitch-hiking or freight-riding, in other parts of the country.

I'd meet these boys on the street, they'd come to the house asking for a little job of work, members of our Legion post or other townsfolk would direct them to me or let me know of new arrivals. The hitch-hiker is wont to linger around gas stations looking for a pickup. Legion men often operate the stations and serve as informants.

In talking with the boys, I sought to learn their stories and help them if I could. Of the sixty boys actually met, fifteen were

definitely helped, to my knowledge, while I had no way of knowing whether the other forty-five, or any of them, were really helped or not. Of the fifteen definitely helped, eleven were sent back to their homes, one as far away as Philadelphia. Home is where a boy belongs. When the parents could not send transportation, I got the railroads or the bus company to help. The other four boys, who had no homes they could go back to, promised to follow the advice I gave them.

Now, if I could help these fifteen boys as a side activity along with my regular duties, what could not be done by men better fitted than I to deal with such boys? In this work, in the initial approach especially, a clergyman is handicapped somewhat by his calling. Many boys hesitate to go to him. If they do not suspect him to be austere, aloof, unsympathetic, perhaps not "a regular guy," at least they are all too likely to expect to be lectured by him. Lecturing is exactly what isn't good for these boys.

However, when I did get a boy to come to the house and we sat out in the back porch and smoked a cigarette together, with our legs stretched out and our feet parked where they were comfortable—why, pretty soon the boy warmed up and told me his story. I didn't have to ask him much, he wanted to talk about himself—where his home was, why he had left it, how he had lived since, the fellows he had been with, how he had been treated along the way. Many of the boys told me they'd like to go back to school.

Not all the boys came to the house. I

met them casually in various places: Street, bus station, depot, cigar shop. Of the forty-five not known to have been helped, the majority took my chats with them with good grace, many remarking that they had never been talked (Continued on page 58)



A hobo jungle goes juvenile under the pressure of the "No jobs" sign everywhere

YOU DON'T NEED A FAT BANKROLL TO CARRY YOU THROUGH THE CHICAGO CONVENTION. HERE'S THE LOWDOWN ON EVERYTHING FROM

DOLLARS *to* DOUGHNUTS

A CHAP named Death Valley Scotty once dazzled the imagination of the country by hiring a special train to flash from the Pacific Coast to New York, scattering en route bales of greenbacks and stacks of twenty-dollar gold pieces. He kept up this rôle of an American Count of Monte Cristo during his stay in New York. He chose to preserve the mystery of his wealth, had his fling and was content to retire to Death Valley, where he still reigns, modestly, in a hotel and show place surrounded by desert.

Death Valley Scotty gave the country a great kick because he made every man's dream come true. Napoleon said every private carried a field marshal's baton in his knapsack. Every American

carries in his mental hip-pocket the traditional bankroll big enough to choke an elephant and in his mind a longing to spend it, just once, in the grand manner. At least, that was the way things were up to the ending of the millennium in 1929. Since then, we haven't been so highfalutin. We now take pride in getting our money's worth. We affirm that it's smart to be thrifty and applaud when railroads and hotels compete in offering us bargains.

The Chicago national convention is an index of the times. It is going to be the best bargain in living away from home that the country has ever seen, bulletins Phil W. Collins, who is executive vice president of the Legion's convention committee.

The money-saving starts from the time you leave home. You'll find railroad fare will be extraordinarily low, whether you live 200 miles from Chicago or 1,500 miles. The railroads have granted round-trip transportation at the cost of one-way fare. In addition there will probably be in effect at certain places and on certain railroads, special reductions because of a Century of Progress. These special World's Fair rates will be attractive to posts within easy traveling distance of Chicago which are planning to take practically all their members to the convention. You will find that by lining up as many as twenty-five persons for the trip you can have a special car at a reduction from the normal World's Fair rate, and if you can line up fifty or one hundred people or more you can get even lower rates—and possibly a special train. See your home town ticket agent.

Reduced fare certificates, which must be presented by Legionnaires and Auxiliaries and members of their families buying the convention reduced fare tickets, have been distributed by all Department Headquarters to the posts in their States. Make sure that you have yours in plenty of time. Sale of tickets starts at different dates in different sections of the country, so you'll want to check up on this with the ticket sellers in your own town.

Now, here's some especially important news. There will be substantial reductions in Pullman fares. Through the co-operation of the Pullman Company with the

\$87 OR \$1.11

It would take almost a \$100 bill to see everything in the World's Fair. The average visitor spends only \$1.11



THE MAIN STEM

Down Michigan Avenue and across this bridge the national convention parade will pass on its way to Soldier Field. The Avenue will be center of everything

railroads, a person purchasing a railroad ticket to Chicago at the one-way fare for the round trip authorized for the Legion's convention may buy a round-trip Pullman ticket to Chicago at a 25 percent reduction. This is the first year that Pullman reductions have been given the Legion and the Auxiliary.

Because you are a Legionnaire, you will be able to see the World's Fair at greatly reduced rates. When you get your Official Registration Book, for which you have paid \$2 either before leaving home or upon your arrival in Chicago, you will find in it a coupon which will entitle you to buy a book of tickets to the principal concessions in the Century of Progress Exposition at a price of about half what the tickets would cost if bought separately upon the exposition grounds for use at night. The Legion's convention committee has arranged a special setup with the Palmer House, the National Headquarters hotel, under which registered Legionnaires may buy the World's Fair book for \$2. The face value of the tickets it contains is \$4.10, based on night admission charges. The tickets are transferable; you can trade any of your own tickets for those of other registered Legionnaires. The books of tickets will be exchanged for the coupons at many places.



Don't worry about spending too much money at the fair. Somebody figured it would cost more than \$87 if one saw everything and paid full admission prices. But most of the fair is free and admission prices in general are really low. A checkup not long ago showed that the average World's Fair visitor spends only \$1.11 in addition to his gate admission of fifty cents.

Mr. Collins promises that Chicago hotel rates will be as low

as you want them. You can reserve a suite and splurge like Death Valley Scotty if you want to, but rates mostly will be low. Hotel accommodations have been apportioned to the various Departments and rates will vary, naturally. The new and mammoth Palmer House, which will be the center of everything as the National Headquarters hotel, affords a good example of rates. This hotel, to which States making the best membership records in 1933 have been assigned, offers rooms at \$3 to \$3.50 a person, on the basis of two or, in some cases, three persons to a room. But the rate here will be as low as \$2 a person if there are more than two or three in a room.

Naturally, all hotels will be filled during the convention. But the Chicago convention committee gives its word that no one need be concerned about not finding a place to sleep. At the upper end of the World's Fair grounds is a neighborhood of fine old homes which have been thrown open for visitors at a usual cost of one dollar per night per person. Accommodations here are much the same as you'll find them in the clean and comfortable "tourists' homes" along important highways everywhere.

As with hotels, so with your meals. You can spend a small fortune if you eat exclusively in showy night clubs or grill rooms or the dining rooms of the big hotels. But you can find any number of good restaurants, both in the city and on the grounds of the World's Fair, where prices will be quite reasonable.

The Chicago committee urges everybody to register as soon as possible upon arrival. Payment of the \$2 registration fee not only entitles you to the reduced rate on the World's Fair tickets but insures you a ringside seat for the opening session in the Chicago Stadium—so you will hear President Roosevelt speak—and admission to all other important events.

Mr. Collins passes along one more bit of news. The professional gambler isn't going to find easy pickings in hotel lobbies and on



Chicago's streets. He won't be able to strip convention visitors under cover of crowds as he has done before. The bum's rush and hoosegow for him the moment he is sighted. No gambling in lobbies or streets is the general order. And no throwing of laundry bags filled with water from the windows of hotels, no rowdyism of other sorts. Crowds will be too big; risks too great.

In Time of Disaster

THE town of Moweaqua in Southern Illinois has not known much happiness in 1933, because in its homes, its stores and its quiet streets there are too many reminders of its great tragedy and because no one can forget the fifty-four men who dropped from the daily life of the community the day before last Christmas when an explosion of gas wrecked the coal mine which is the town's only industry. What a mine explosion means to a town of 1,300 persons has been reported to the Hall of Fame Commission of the Illinois Department by Commander Lawrence L. Gregory of Remann H. Harlan Post.

The disaster left thirty-three widows, twenty-one of whom must care for seventy children, and the post and its Auxiliary unit took up the task of doing what it could for these while it was carrying on its work with the rescue relief squads.

The post took over a house near the mine on the day of the disaster, while rescue squads were arriving in town from mines all over the State to assist the state mine rescue service. Here was begun the work of providing meals and shelter for the rescuers, work that was continued later in old railroad passenger cars when the number of outside workers had grown to three hundred. Blankets and cots were procured from state armories. Supplies of all sorts were handed out. Arrangements were made to light and heat the cars and provide them with water. A transportation service was set up to carry miners from nearby towns. Ambulances were obtained. Burial arrangements were made and carried out, and neighboring posts sent details to help in these sad efforts as funeral processions wound out of the town to cemeteries for hours that seemed endless. The post and brother posts gave military honors at the funerals of service men. The last of the fifty-four bodies was not removed from the mine until the Thursday after Christmas.

Mourned especially was Thomas S. Jackson. After his death in the mine they found in his garage the costume of Santa Claus he was to have worn at the Christmas Eve ceremonies under a Christmas tree which had already been decorated on one of the streets near his home.

For Its Home Town

WHEN the \$450,000 steel and concrete bridge binding together the two halves of De Pere, Wisconsin, was finished this spring there was rejoicing and everybody agreed the town should hold an open house celebration to which the rest of the State should be invited. That is, everybody except the city council, which took one look at the figures on city finances—sad figures after several years of depression relief—and decided that there wasn't anything that the municipality could use for money to provide the entertainment. That was the way things stood when William Heesaker Post held a meeting, did some figuring on its own account and then announced to its 5,000 fellow citizens

Providing meals for rescuers in an old railroad coach was one of many relief activities of the Legion post in Moweaqua, Illinois, after a mine explosion killed fifty-four men





Seventy stories and 850 feet high, on top of the Rockefeller-Radio City building, members of the Confederation of French World War Veterans marvel at New York's lesser skyscrapers

that the bridge opening would be made an occasion which all Wisconsin would remember for years.

It came to pass that way, reports Post Commander Fred Smith. On July 2d, Governor Schmedeman and Mrs. Schmedeman came to De Pere and in the presence of 25,000 other visitors cut a ribbon to allow a parade to pass over the new bridge. Flags and banners of dozens of Wisconsin Legion posts were carried in the procession. Bands and drum corps played. School children marched and sang. The celebration continued for three days. One thousand former residents of the town attended a homecoming in connection with the celebration.

Anciens Combattants

IN A little café at Chaumont during the heyday of the A. E. F., a half-century-old colored lithograph of Brooklyn Bridge looked down upon the doughboys from G. H. Q. who came to sit around the tables. Yes, New York was full of such wonders, the doughboys gravely assured their French comrades in horizon blue. In fact, the whole United States was a grand country, full of skyscrapers, locomotives that were incredibly big and heavy, buffalos, grizzly bears, Indians with tomahawks, Charlie Chaplins and Mary Pickfords. Not only in Chaumont, but throughout France the reports of these home marvels were spread by the A. E. F., and many a poilu found himself wondering

whether these strange raconteurs in olive drab weren't a lot of Marco Polos and Baron Munchausens.

Our French comrades learned some more things about the United States in 1927 when 20,000 members of The American Legion came as the Second A. E. F., paraded up the Avenue des Champs Elysées and thronged the boulevards. French hospitality on that occasion confirmed the bonds of friendship which had been woven by the war, and the Second A. E. F., departing, invited over and over again their hosts of France to pay a visit to the United States. That invitation was made official last year when The American Legion formally invited the veterans' societies of France to make a pilgrimage to the United States during the observance of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Five hundred wounded and decorated soldiers of France had prepared to make the pilgrimage, but all plans had to be called off last year because of a crisis in French governmental and economic affairs.

The pilgrimage of the Anciens Combattants became a reality on August 6th when a delegation of 239 French men and women, members of the National Confederation of French War Veterans and their wives, arrived at New York on the liner *Paris* and were welcomed at the pier by a committee of prominent Legionnaires.

A parade from the pier, headed by (Continued on page 62)



Department Commander Bryce P. Beard of Salisbury, North Carolina, chairman of the national committee which launched the Sons of The American Legion, discusses by-laws and suchlike with his own four sons, all charter members

Blow Everything!



DEEP SEA SERVICE

Naval Base No. 13 at Ponta Delgada in the Azores harbored among other craft a flotilla of American submarines. This base was a halfway station for some of our ships between the States and the battle area

IT'S all according to how you look at a thing. Here, after all these years, we get a picture from an ex-gob who served on a submarine, with a very modest account of his service.

Being only an ex-infantryman, with some action to our credit, we asked him to tell us of some of his thrilling experiences and he replied, "As to our thrilling experiences, they were few." Just one dive in a submarine would be a dramatic occurrence to us, and a "Blow everything!" call would set our hair on end.

M. K. Griffin of Brawley (California) Post is the modest gob, known to his fellow sailormen as "Tex," who supplied the picture we show, and we think what he has to tell us will provide some thrills:

"The picture I enclose was taken at Ponta Delgada, the Azores—Naval Base No. 13—during the war. The submarine boat flotilla included *K-1*, 2, 5 and 6 and *E-1*, although *K-5* was out on patrol at the time. We went across in October, 1917, the U. S. S. *Bushnell* tendering. We unloaded three months' stores and were dumped off onto the seawall. The *Bushnell* shoved off that night. We lived the first winter in the seawall. Believe me, it was a tough winter. Later the old monitor *Tonopah* came crawling into port and we tied up to her. When the picture was made, the arches in the seawall were being used to store torpedoes and ash-cans. It was a supply base for subs, sub-chasers and destroyers, also an oiling station.

"We spent our time patrolling in that territory—two weeks out, one week in. The summer of 1918, the *K-2* went to Lisbon for repairs, the *Paducah* towing us there. Oh, boy, those gay times. A big city almost to ourselves—at least plenty of room for shore maneuvers. I would like to know what happened to some of the gang who were put in hospital there. The explosion of the smoke screen on the deck of the *Paducah* was a rather

queer accident. Most of her gang went over the sides like so many frogs and when they appeared on the surface, the phosphorous in the compound began to burn again. I wonder if any of the men need verification of that incident?

"We returned to Ponta Delgada, resumed our patrolling. In a few months our batteries were shot and we headed for the States to renew them. I was shanghaied to a Limy hospital in Hamilton, Bermuda, with the flu, and was there when the Armistice was signed. Who were the two guys who ran away from the hospital with me and reported to the *Tallahassee*? My service ended on the *S-3*, which I commissioned early in 1919. I would like to hear from any of the old gang, particularly 'Papoos' Lorey and Wireless Operator Kautski whom we left in the Islands."

OUR request for a report of some of his thrilling experiences, brought a letter from "Tex" Griffin, which led off with the statement we have already quoted. But he went on to tell us this:

"I believe we had one experi-



Laboratory workers of the Photographic section of the Signal Corps in their bunk house at the Pathé Cinema plant in Vincennes, France, just outside of Paris



ence that probably no other submarine crew ever had. Our log reads: 'Dived 11:45 P. M., December 31, 1917. Came to the surface 12:30 A. M., January 1, 1918.' At twelve o'clock, the skipper opened some cognac and passed it down the line and wished us a happy New Year. He was a real scout and the gang surely got a kick out of it.

"I have always contended that the greatest thrill I had in the Navy was a shave by a Navy barber in rough weather. He staggers away from you and then back, waving the razor about your face and you wonder if it is going to be a nose or an ear he'll land on.

"The creepiest feeling you can get in a submarine is down about seventy-five feet. Every mind and eye is alert and feeling is tense. Submarine diving never gets to be a matter-of-fact



occurrence. Everyone is looking and waiting for orders. No talking, sober faces at the stations, more or less in fear of that dreaded negative buoyancy—and, bing! go the main light fuses. It is pitch black. It is only seconds until a flashlight is on the job, but those seconds are minutes long and you have plenty of time to think.

"As I said, our thrilling experiences were few, but there were numerous interesting experiences. We bumped bottom several times without any damage. Went down with hatches partly closed and water poured in. . . . It was very amusing to watch a porpoise come alongside the small conning-tower ports and peek in. When you turned your head he would dart away, only to come around and take a peek into the other side. They are very playful and will follow the boat on the dive.

"Another experience we had is interesting from a scientific point of view. We were out on a dive and playing a little war game. There was a terrific explosion that gave the boat a terrible jar and put everyone into a commotion. Two more such explosions brought an order to 'blow everything.' We came to the

surface, as we were just outside of our operating base. We recognized the ship in the distance as the station ship there. She was between two and three miles away and was trying out her speed for dropping ash-cans. I believe if she had been a half-mile closer, the explosion would have spread some of our seams. And I hope I never get any closer to an exploding ash-can.

"We had a great time dodging Allied ships. It was easier to dodge them than to rely on recognition signals. Several times we got caught and gave the signal. The ships were always disappointed that we were not Germans. But we passed many ships, including American destroyers, that never saw us.

"We got into a tight spot just out of Lisbon during the summer of '18. There was a tough storm raging and the clouds were dragging the water. It was late afternoon, nearly dark, so we did not go into a dive. Before we knew what it was all about, we were surrounded by about six or eight French destroyers in action formation, with their noses toward us. We ran up the colors and gave the recognition signal with both semaphore and blinker, but they kept their positions and we could see the gun crews loading and training the guns on us. Finally one of the destroyers pulled alongside and megaphoned. Our skipper convinced them we were an American boat and they informed us we were using a day-old recognition signal—the reason for the delay in recognizing us."

And yet Griffin said he experienced no thrills!

REGULAR members of the Then and Now Gang know that one ruling we have stressed in connection with the conduct of this department of the Monthly is that the illustrations must be "unofficial" service pictures. With but few exceptions—and those were direct requests of the Photographic Section of the Signal Corps to assist it in identifying individuals in some of the official Signal Corps pictures—we have held to that ruling.

Our purpose is not to disclose the fact that Army and Navy orders with regard to the use of personal cameras in service had been many times violated. We feel that the snapshots taken by individual soldiers or sailors or marines or nurses or the rest of the gang, or acquired by them from unofficial sources, are far more interesting than official pictures which are procurable by everyone. And we have been more than well supplied with unofficial snapshots—although we're always ready and willing to look at more. So send along some of your good action pictures, with a story telling what they represent.



Who was the Q. M. C. sergeant in charge and who the members of the crew of this locomotive and train that served the Coast Artillery Corps on Corregidor Island, in Manila Bay, during the World War? One of the men of the 31st Infantry, who served in the Philippines, would like to know

The Government, of course, depended upon the photographers and laboratory men of the Signal Corps to obtain the pictures it wanted and tens of thousands were taken and are still available, at a nominal cost, to anyone, who writes to the Army Pictorial Service at Washington. Those boys did a good job and all credit to them. Many of their pictures have been used in the Monthly, although not in this department. The bunk-house picture we display shows a group of the laboratory men, including Mortimer H. Shay of 70 Genesee Street, Auburn, New York, and Charles F. Perdrix of 123 Genesee Street in the same city, but you'll have to pick them out yourself, since Shay, who sent the picture, on the preceding page, fails to identify himself or his friend. Here is his letter:

"Having been in The American Legion for the past ten years and taken an active interest in it, I have always taken a keen delight in the Legion magazine. In nearly every issue you will find some pictures taken either here or over across, and in quite a few you will notice the Signal Corps crossed flags in one corner—the insignia of the Photographic Section of the Signal Corps.

"Enclosed is a group picture of a few of the boys of that organization, in their bunk-house located in Vincennes, France, just outside the city of Paris, at the Pathé Cinema Laboratories. It was taken after the Armistice.

"Although I was in the service for over a year and a half, I spent nearly half of it on this side, not getting to France until late September, 1918. As all of the American divisions had already been assigned Photo Units, we were put into laboratory work, which all in all wasn't very exciting. After the Armistice I was assigned to a unit to photograph the American railroad and transportation work developed by our Army in

France. Even that tour of the A. E. F. wasn't an exciting venture.

"My object in sending you the picture is to try to get some of the boys who actually saw active service at the front—and there were many of them as a Photo Unit consisted of four men and each division had a unit—to tell of some of their thrills while photographing actual battles.

"A great number of the boys came from the moving picture industry—Hollywood and New York. Some have since become quite famous as movie directors, actors and cameramen.

"Charles F. Perdrix of my home town and I are both in the picture and if any of the other boys in the group or others of the Photographic Section will write, we'll be glad to hear from them."

THROUGH the interest and co-operation of Legionnaire Lawrence Hicks of Manteno, Illinois, who belongs to the post in Kankakee, we are able to show another picture of active service in another of the outlying—very outlying—sectors of the American Army during the World War. We're always particularly glad to welcome the men—and women—who were kept by the fortunes of war and service far away from the A. E. F. and the scenes of action—in Hawaii, the Canal Zone, China, the Philippines or other far-distant places.

Legionnaire Hicks sent us the picture of the engine and crew which is shown above and tells us this about his service:

"I am sending you a picture taken in July, 1917, during the World War, in the Philippine Islands—at Fort Mills on Corregidor Island in Manila Bay. The coast defenses—Coast Artillery Corps—had a narrow-gauge railroad on the island and I would like to know who the sergeant, standing near the cab, is. I believe another soldier is on the flat car, but four of them are natives.



The Q. M. C. men operated the road, which used both steam engines and electric cars and carried passengers and freight.

"I went to the Philippines on the transport *Thomas*, arriving on March 6, 1916, and assigned to Company C, 13th Infantry, stationed at Fort Mills. When we entered the war, the 13th Infantry was sent back to the States, and I was transferred to the first new regiment organized in the Islands, the 31st Infantry, made up of men from the 8th Infantry. I was stationed at Fort William McKinley, Fort Mills and Camp Aldridge, and also in Los Banos. I was later in Company K, 15th Infantry, in Tientsin, China.

"Wonder what has become of the old gang who soldiered in the Islands during the big fight."

THE migration to the Legion national convention in Chicago, October second to fifth, will get under way within the week after this issue of the Monthly is in the readers' hands. And many of the thousands will be heading for their outfit reunions as well as the convention. The list which follows contains the complete line-up of convention reunions as reported to us on our closing date. If it is too late to write to the person in charge of your reunion, you will be able to contact him in Chicago through the Reunions Committee of the convention corporation. Sidney T. Holzman, Chairman of Reunions, care of Judge E. K. Jarecki, County Building, Chicago, is the man to ask for.

See if your outfit is meeting in Chicago:

NATIONAL YEOMEN (F)—Reunion luncheon and annual meeting, Mon., Oct. 2, Palmer House, Chicago. Make reservations through Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, chmn., 7136 East End av., Chicago.

MARINETTES—Reunion of all women who served in the U. S. Marine Corps. Mrs. Blanche S. Osborne, 8245 Ingleside av., Chicago.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Executive meeting, Parlor A, Palmer House, Oct. 1. Annual breakfast and reunion, Oct. 3. Miss Margaret Mullen, 100 Maple av., Haverstraw, N. Y.

SOCIETY OF FIRST DIV., A. E. F.—Annual reunion. Headquarters, Hotel Sherman, Randolph & Clark sts., Chicago, where dinner, annual meeting and dance will be held on Oct. 2. Three-dollar fee includes all reunion entertainment. Gen. Summerall and other C O's to attend. D. E. Meeker, Room 308, 1 Hanson pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THIRD DIV. SOC.—Reunion during convention. Tom Harwood, 729 Emerson st., Evanston, Ill.

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion. Gen. F. C. Bolles, Ft. Sheridan, Ill.

FIFTH DIV. ROUNDUP—Annual roundup, Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, just previous to Legion national convention. William Meyer, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

26TH (YANKEE) DIV.—Registration booth and reunion banquet under direction Y. D. Club of Chicago. Banquet at Illinois Athletic Club, 8 p. m., Oct. 3, \$2. Clarence A. Bush, 112 S. Michigan av., Chicago.

35TH DIV.—Chicago Area Club reunion for all 35th Div. men at 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago, Oct. 4. Curt Wilhelm, 1119 S. Wabash av., Chicago.

92D DIV.—Reunion. Harold M. Tyler, 5501 Prairie av., Chicago.

93D DIV.—Clinton L. Hill, 3834 Calumet av., Chicago.

MARINES—4th annual reunion of all Marines, Wed., Oct. 4. Archie M. Benson, chmn., reunion comm., 423 County bldg., Chicago.

8TH INF., REG. U. S. Army—Organization and reunion meeting. Col. Morris M. Keck, U. S. Army. Federal bldg., Chicago, or Paul G. Armstrong, 209 N. La Salle st., Chicago.

33D U. S. INF.—Proposed organization and reunion of all men who served in Canal Zone during 1918-19. Louis J. Gilbert, 260 Gregory av., Apt. 6D, Passaic, N. J.

40TH INF., Co. D—Reunion and organization. Charles R. Juranitch, 7840-16th av., Kenosha, Wis. **129TH INF., Hq. Co.**—Reunion dinner, Sept. 30, 6 p. m., N. E. corner Clark and Polk sts., Chicago. Reunion headquarters, same address, from Sept. 29 to Oct. 9. Capt. Geo. W. Burton, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago, Ill.

343D INF., Co. H, 86TH DIV.—Reunion. Ex-Sgt. E. H. Couser, 914 S. Third st., Arkansas City, Kans.

(Continued on page 60)



Speeding?... blame CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS Officer, not me"

"LISTEN, OFFICER, here's a true story even if you haven't heard it before ★ ★ This car has been acting like it had a bad case of sleeping sickness and hookworm combined ★ ★ A bright fellow at a gas station not far back sold me a new set of Champion Spark Plugs and between the ear and myself the tonic took such good effect we couldn't control our exuberance. Never saw so much power, snap and getaway. I couldn't believe it, let alone resist it... so blame Champion Spark Plugs, Officer, not me"



CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY • TOLEDO, OHIO • WINDSOR, ONTARIO

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Problems That Confront The American Legion As Viewed by
Its Publications the Country Over

TO MANY of us The American Legion has always been an ideal—something on which no return is expected for what we all put into it—something whereby the other fellow, the fellow who sorely needs help, is benefited by our endeavors. Something that is bigger and broader than ourselves—something that is filled with sacrifice and in which selfishness has no part.

Our original conception of the Legion has grown as the years pass, though it has remained unchanged otherwise and for this, we can all be grateful—and grateful too that it is our privilege and good fortune to be Legionnaires.—*Legion Record, Walla Walla, Washington.*

“A VICTORY FOR SIMPLE JUSTICE”

NATIONAL COMMANDER Johnson in the Legion Monthly for August reports that the counter-attacks led by the Legion on the unreasonable provisions of the original Economy Act have been successful.

This in no sense should be considered a selfish Legion triumph, but rather a victory for simple justice to those to whom the services of the Legion are dedicated, to the widows and orphans of our deceased comrades, to the hospitalized veteran whose voice could not be heard otherwise in Washington . . .

The Legion, instead of rushing into the newspapers, started in its quiet but effective way, a searching analysis of the proposed cuts as they would affect actual cases. The American Legion, it may be modestly said, was the only veteran organization which from its wealth of information on this subject, built up through fourteen years of experience, was in a position to dispute the claims of the Veterans Bureau as to the fairness of the intended reductions. The results of these studies when presented to the President and Congress, caused a revision of the schedules so that the actual cuts made were from 25 percent to 18 percent, instead of the 40, 50 and 60 percent contemplated, and presumptive cases are to be given until October 31st to prove service connection.

We, of course, couldn't get all the changes in the legislation desired, since all such involved subjects can be settled only by compromise.—*The Recall, Cambridge (Massachusetts) Post.*

A YEAR AGO AND NOW

IT WAS less than a year ago that the Legion—(we may as well admit it)—was looked at with suspicion by many of the best people in the land. The newspapers and the magazines were generally opposed to the Legion and all they thought we stood for. Some of our members resigned. The charge of “treasury raider” was applied to the Legion in one form or another.

Today, what is the situation? The Legion is honored. The press commends us as an organization of patriotic citizens, who are sacrificing as are the other citizens of the land, at a time when economic stress has forced sacrifices upon all.

A year ago the National Economy League was as busy as could

be in poisoning the minds of the public against us—and we may as well admit that they did a fairly efficient job in a lot of places. We stated then and we reiterate now that the N. E. L. was a blind for the predatory interests of the nation, trying to save their own skins at the expense of the veteran. Many of those who were members of the N. E. L. did not see how they were being made the tools and catspaws of the real interests behind the N. E. L. They believed fully what they were told by the fountainhead of N. E. L. propaganda—that the N. E. L. was interested in wiping out all forms of waste in the Government, and that the money paid to non-service-connected veterans of the World War was simply the first of many targets at which they were to shoot . . .

After the passage of the National Economy Act, the N. E. L. was heard from no more. This is sufficient proof that they were aiming at only one class of citizens—and these the veterans who had made the retention of wealth in the hands of a few a possibility by preserving the nation in which it had been gained.—*Legion News, Detroit, Michigan.*

AN ADEQUATE NAVY

THE decision of the present Administration to build up the American Navy to its wartime strength has met instant favor through the nation. In so doing, those holding the destinies of the Navy are not only leaning toward but adopting in its entirety, the Legion's oft repeated and very reasonable demand: That the American Navy be adequate and suitable for any demands which may be made upon it for our national defense.

Scrapping real battle wagons and their auxiliaries while the other nations tore up blue prints and promised to decrease their holdings, America for years has been the laughing stock of the world. Our ships have been allowed to decay and rot; the personnel has been decreased by failure to provide for re-enlistments and recruiting of new blood, and today we are faced with the ultimatum of a far-eastern nation who pointedly refuses to agree to any further curtailment, theoretical or practical, of its ships of war, but will continue to build till every contingency of the future can be met at a moment's notice.—*Whazzit, Silver Bow Post, Butte, Montana.*

WHAT KIND OF MEMBER ARE YOU?

IS YOUR membership in The American Legion active—or passive?

That—it seems to us—is a question that every member should ask himself about this time of year. If your membership has been passive—now is the time to force it into an active status.

To any alert observer it is apparent that there are all too few active Legionnaires in Atlanta and in Georgia. The passive membership is much more impressive when figures are printed—and when figures alone are permitted to tell the story.

There are hundreds of men in Atlanta who could find time to become active Legionnaires. That they have not already done so is regrettable.

The American Legion is not an organization of the few.

Have you ever complained that—"a few fellows seem to be running the Legion"?

Have you ever thought that right now might be a time for you to change that?

Certainly there are just as able veterans without the membership of The American Legion as there are within.

The Legion and other veterans' organizations are facing the critical period of their careers—long or short. Unless these groups deliver—do the job they are supposed to do—breakers are ahead.

Cast off the role of passive Legionnaire!

Become active!

NOW!—*Atlanta (Georgia) Legionnaire.*

LEADERS FOR THE YEAR AHEAD

WE ARE approaching another milestone in the history of The American Legion. The past twelve months have been filled with a procession of problems for those governing its destinies. We of the Department of California and of Karl Ross Post chose well our officers of the year just ending, and we feel that every comrade holding an office of responsibility should be congratulated upon the completion of work well done.

The month of August is a critical period in Department and National Legion affairs. It is a month for serious thought. It is a time when the designated representatives of our post and the majority of posts throughout the Department and nation are sent to their various departmental conventions to select and elect the men most capable of directing the destinies of our organization through the coming year.

It behooves each and every delegate to the Pasadena convention to consider well the various candidates for high office in the Department of California; to consider their ability to so direct the destinies of The American Legion that honor will reflect upon their endeavors.

1934, no less than 1933, will be a year of conflict, reorganization and of rehabilitation. Our unfaltering defense for the care of our disabled must be carried on. The strength of our organization must be expended towards the early employment of our destitute comrades. There are innumerable problems, within the province of The American Legion, that must be met and a just and equitable program upheld. Legislation, both state and national, for the just dispensation of benefits to the disabled and indigent veteran must be upheld and promoted.

No loyal Legionnaire need be less loyal to his Government by being loyal to his disabled comrades, and to his comrades in physical and financial distress. We believe that justice for the veteran will prevail. We are fully cognizant of the economic emergency that confronts our country at this time; yet we cannot forget the thousands of deserving men who are the unfortunate victims of this economic misfortune.—*Stockton (California) Legionnaire.*

OCTOBER, 1933

*"I wish I could afford
to smoke such tobacco!"*

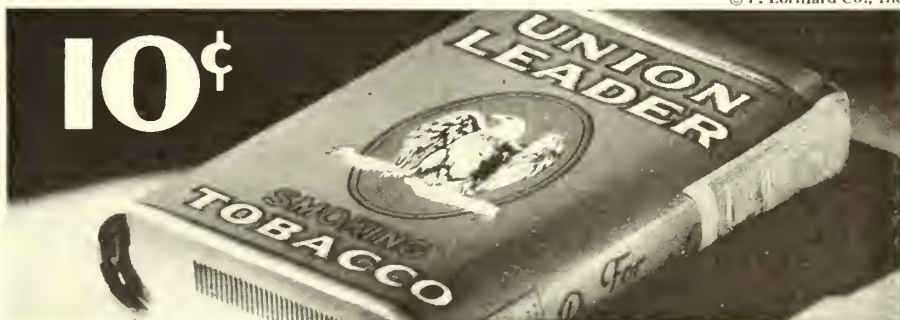


SET his mind at rest. Hand him the glad tidings. Tell him how little he need pay for that big UNION LEADER package.

In fact, no pipe smoker with a saving disposition can afford to

pass up this friendly Old Kentucky Burley, matured and blended to the peak of smoking perfection. A husky tin for a dime... Just 10 cents for 25 pipe loads. (Great for cigarettes, too!)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

My War and Yours

(Continued from page 23)

young, and a fine fellow. His references to you were not altogether complimentary, and if you publicly condemn him, it may be thought you had personal animus."

That settled it. J. J. P. brushed the subject aside. When I meet that correspondent now he gives me a dirty look, which says, "You were the brute who censored my copy in France."

J. J. P. was no phrasemaker for newspaper consumption; he was a poor aide to propaganda. He would not allow phrases to be made for him even when encouraged by citing the examples of other Allied leaders. Publicity did not interest him. He wanted to keep quietly on the job until his Army was ready to do the talking for him. When, at last, the Americans were going into the trenches for the first time, he was particularly concerned that the world should not get the idea that the great American offensive had begun.

I LEARNED that the French were about to broadcast a most exaggerated account. Brother propaganda would make it appear that the American hosts were now fighting in earnest—and this before the release of the big story our newspaper men had looked forward to through weary months as their very own. When J. J. P. read this bit of extravagance, he would vent his opinion in no gentle tone. I stopped it—and then had to turn a grim face to the correspondents lest they play the event up in a way that might make a period of trench training in a quiet sector mistaken as the prelude of a big action by our army.

So I battled on, trying to protect my craft with one hand and censoring with the other. My health was none too good. Before I could recover from the effects of an operation in Mexico, I had two active years on the Western Front followed by the censorship ordeal. I used to catch myself dragging my feet, and forced my knee action, only to find, an hour later, I was again dragging my feet.

But I cheered up at the sight of an American battalion marching along a road. They were the war and the cause. No matter how much I was cussed, no matter how many enemies I made, if I was safeguarding them, and giving an ounce's weight toward hastening victory, I was doing my bit in wearing a hair shirt. Often I used to envy the censors behind the black curtains. They were unseen in their work, while I was in the open to meet the blasts.

Just when the outlook was bluest, when it seemed that we would never have a big force in France, our troops began arriving in numbers. We now had more than one division in the trenches—and not all in quiet training sectors. There was combat news for the people at home. The correspondents had enough cars to

go where they pleased, and they had something to write about.

Where I had found it hard to get assistants at the start, now an order had only to be issued to bring any capable newspaper man who was in an arriving battalion into the service of the Press Division. He might loathe the order, but he would do his bit. Thus we got Gerald Morgan, who had gone through a home training camp, looking forward to action at the front instead of blue pencilling. He proved to be a genius at censoring, ever patient, considerate, fair, and retaining the affection of the censored. I was not in his class as a censor.

And the men summoned from among the battalions arriving in France made *The Stars and Stripes*. The first suggestion for a soldier's newspaper came to me from a home newspaper man the second week after I became chief of the Press Division. It was not a new idea in the history of wars. Rochambeau's French Army, which came to our assistance in the Revolution, had a soldier's newspaper. In the early period of the A. E. F. we lacked the soldiers for readers, we had not the facilities for publication. By the winter of 1917-18 we had the readers. Lieutenant, later Major, Guy T. Viskniski managed the facilities with the legerdemain of taking a rabbit out of a hat. To his initiative we owe the start and the plan of *The Stars and Stripes*. In their masterful patriotic newspaper skill, the editors did more for real propaganda in winning the war, than all the speeches at home and abroad.

In six months my own usefulness as the bridge over a chasm was exhausted. Our army was now so large, and so desperately needed by the Allies in face of the coming German drive, that the Chief of the Press Division no longer met the stare of French headquarters, which said: "Before you talk about more freedom for your pressmen, why not wait until you have an army that is fighting?" My very able successor—the first of the successors in that mean job—could take up the work under the more liberal regulations I suggested.

AS FOR me—release! After that No ordeal I found myself repeating Yes to myself to make sure the word was still in my vocabulary. After six months in which I had done no writing, I wished that I might again be a correspondent, kicking at the censor for eliding a choice bit of my copy. But I was in uniform, precluded from writing, and J. J. P. gave me a job that was to my taste. He gave me the whole A. E. F.

I had a little office at the main headquarters at Chaumont where I was in charge of the War Diary. So I was in touch with the so-called "brain trust" which organized and directed our effort in

France. Where no man envied me, now all might envy me. I was not often in that office. My real task kept me on the move as a free lance of observation who got his tips where to go from headquarters. I was being shot at with bullets and shells instead of gibing words and black looks. All my war experience in many lands, with the British and French on the Western Front, and with the A. E. F. in its beginnings, was being utilized for what it was worth.

Sometimes I thought of myself as the spokesman of that host of youth suddenly shot from civil life into the harness of West Point discipline—yielding minds and bodies to superiors in the hot crucible of war. Patriotism and preference aside—taking a detached view as one who has seen many armies—I discovered in the A. E. F. a greater America than I had realized. It is American to play the game, but as the years pass, the more I marvel at how we played that hard game of sinking high spirited American individualism into the life of a military machine—which was so alien to us, and so familiar to the French and Germans who were bred to it by conscription. This is one item of history that we should never forget.

IN HIS new job the former No man of the censorship was rejoicing in "Yes, yes—I am an American, too." No whoop-it-up patriotism about that, no brass band glory, but pride in our nation's youth, obeying the nation's orders to the tune of the rapping march on French roads and the measured steps across No Man's Land. If there were new American divisions forming behind the British front, I was there, and if there was action by Americans anywhere from the Channel to Switzerland I was there. Though I knew the outlook of the professional soldier world in the places of power, I was a civilian in uniform no less than the doughboy recruits, and had their point of view.

So I brought in my suggestions from the lines and the distant camps to J. J. P. I made them brief. Sometimes a week's observations would go on a page. He had an open mind, ever ready to learn. He might wear four stars, this commander-in-chief of the whole, but you could talk right up to him if you were brief. You might tell him he was on the wrong track—for he wanted to know it if he was.

He would ask me direct questions, which it was my duty to answer. "What is wrong there?" "What is the matter with General—?" Once, in the early days, he asked: "What am I to do about General X?"—a division commander. I had known X—since Spanish War days. "X is X, as everybody in the service knows," I replied. "He is a good showman, indecisive in a crisis, a grand figure—"

head who will hold the affection of his men until he makes a mistake in battle. His military ideas are Spanish War. He will never learn this kind of war. Either relieve him now, or give him a very able chief of staff whom he will trust to do the organizing and fighting." J. J. P. gave him the chief of staff of his choice, with whom he continuously quarreled—for the natures of the two were entirely antipathetic.

By this, I do not want to intimate that I was a high adviser of J. J. P. His great adviser, the founding, fighting, wise spirit of military and all-round human wisdom was Major General James G. Harbord, the greatest of hundreds of professional regular counselors, who brought their grist to J. J. P.'s hopper. I was a modest, outside contributor of straws which the others might have missed in the swaths of their bigger reaping. But I had the satisfaction that now and then J. J. P. had got a grain of wheat out of my offerings. And J. J. P. was not the kind to overlook one grain.

For example, I found that some of our division generals were not making inspections of the trenches occupied by their troops. The reason, of course, was not lack of courage. They thought that their duty was to be near their wire centers, where they belonged in case of action. But in ordinary trench routine, when no offensive was in sight, it seemed to me that "the old man" would make himself better felt by his men if they saw him treading the duckboards occasionally. When I put this to J. J. P., he said, as he wrote a note on his pad:

"They don't, eh?"

Not long afterward I happened to be at the headquarters of a division commander who was trussed up in his heavy raincoat as he swung his gas mask over his shoulder on a cold, rainy day, on his way to his bi-weekly inspection of his trenches, which had now become one of the regulations for division commanders, by order of the Commander-in-Chief.

"I'd like to meet the jackass at G. H. Q. who wrote that order!" the victim growled. Since, as censor, I had learned how to keep a secret, I did not mention to him that I had been at least one of the accomplices in providing this discomfort for him.

Aside from J. J. P.'s achievement of having led the largest army in our history to victory three thousand miles from home, aside from the fact that I knew Captain Pershing as on the square, it seems to me that the greatest tribute that can be paid to him is the same that can be paid to the wrestler of freight on the docks at Bordeaux, the gob on a submarine chaser, the man going over the top, or anyone else in uniform in 1917-18. He gave the best that was in him. I never knew a man who worked harder or could endure so much work. All his life he had taken exercise, he had kept himself fit. This probably accounted for the reserve strength which enabled him to come back and appear fresh again (Continued on page 40)

CONTROLLED SHOT-STRING GETS THEM



YOU NEED THESE NEW SHELLS



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Famous for wildfowl,
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● Winchester guns are the world's greatest value for all around superiority in handling ease, dependability and shooting performance. Wide latitude in specifications. Besides the Repeaters shown above, the Winchester Model 21 Double Barrel, in four grades, including the world's best value in custom built.

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The superiority of these new shells is due largely to better control of shot string, or lag. Driven by a new progressive burning powder load, every shot pellet has higher *speed*, more *drive* and *punch*. Winchester shot string control is their flight commander. Instead of permitting them to string out until at the standard patterning range of 40 yards they form a procession 20 feet long, it holds them within a quarter of that distance. So that at 50, 60, 70 yards and over, Winchester Super Speed Shells give as effective pattern, penetration and desirably short string, as the best standard shot shells at much shorter ranges.

Buy them for pass, timber or open water shooting at far-off big ducks. For geese, brant, prairie chickens, pheasants, long-range doves. For turkeys, foxes, deer (buckshot or single ball). In 410 gauge, the new 3-inch with *double* shot charge, killing at 35 yards, and more!

For all your 10, 12, 16 or 20 gauge shooting at average ranges, buy your favorite standard Winchester Shells—Leader, Repeater or Ranger.

Write TODAY for new Shot Shell folder—FREE. Address Dept. 25-C.

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TRADE MARK

WORLD STANDARD
GUNS AND SHELLS

My War and Yours

(Continued from page 39)

after a day when he looked ashen in that Valley Forge winter or in the midst of the Meuse-Argonne battle—which led to the alarm of people around him that he might “crack”—even J. J. P. might crack.

One day at Chaumont, when it was clear he was not taking exercise enough—he said he could not spare the time for it—I wrote an order to the Commander-in-Chief—and put the typewritten signature of the Commander-in-Chief to it—that he should walk home to dinner, instead of riding.

“I did it,” he said the following morning. “I obeyed the C-in-C’s orders. I walked home last night.” But he did not the next night. He had an excuse.

The one man who could give anybody in the A. E. F. leave never took leave. One of his faults was that he did not like people to know how human he was. That seemed to him to be pandering. It was not military. When brother propaganda printed a human picture of him he did not

see what it had to do with making a disciplined army that would win the war.

Often I have been asked what were the great moments to me in the A. E. F., which I had known from its birth to its victory. First, the realization of the mighty task before the little group of men who arrived in Paris with Pershing, their handicaps, their battle with a sea of troubles in a land exhausted by nearly three years of war. Next, that day when I saw the first contingent arrive at Saint Nazaire—American soldiers in France!—not tourists, but fighting men! Next, on that drizzling cold night when the first Americans were in the trenches. Next, when we stopped the advance on Paris, and we were rewinning the battlefields around Château-Thierry the Germans had won and lost, and the French had rewon and then lost.

And that day, when I was trying to keep up with the advance of our troops on the downhill side of the Argonne heights!

The final supreme thrill of pride in that army—our Army—I had seen in the making and was now seeing in the final stroke! I knew that the Armistice was coming. The war was over. I did not need to be there. I was keeping up in sheer exultation. A shell burst near me. I heard the bullets from some German machine gun which was still holding out in spiteful, futile protest against the inevitable.

Suddenly I thought, “What if I should get it now—get it for good—or be maimed for life—on this the last day of the World War, after I have seen so much of war?” I concluded I had been shot at enough. I quit the war just before the war quit.

After the Armistice I went over the fields where all our divisions had fought so I should know the ground and just what each one had done. I feel that I know the history of the A. E. F., and I know its heart, and probably I shall keep on reminiscing about it.

Preparedness As A Surgeon Sees It

(Continued from page 5)

failed to detect. Many soldiers were marked for front-line duty who should have been classified as fit for clerks or the S. O. S. or labor battalions. Others physically able for the strenuous work at the front were left in subordinate positions in the rear.

But you may well ask, what about the Reserve Corps and the National Guard medical officers? The members of the Reserve Corps had had some correspondence-school work and some experience in camps, but not enough. Besides, the Corps had not been recruited up to strength before the war. As for the National Guard medical officers, they were not as efficient as they would have been with better training and they also lacked numbers.

As a result of this haste and confusion men were rapidly advanced to positions of responsibility who were later found to be not qualified. For example: A hardboiled officer, recently from the ranks, was drilling young and inexperienced men in mud and snow from daylight until breakfast and then sending them through their regular duties for the rest of the day exhausted, discouraged and naturally a prey to any infection that might be floating around the camp. While we saw comparatively little of influenza or pneumonia epidemics among combat troops at the front, it is well known that in the rear and among the training camps at home the death rate was enormous and the disabilities among the survivors numerous.

It is a well-known fact that in the excitement of battle sanitary rules are

generally not observed. Our British allies had learned by serious losses in the beginning that sanitary rules must be kept up right into the trenches—that flyproof latrines, clean food and a change of socks must be the order of the day. Imagine men in the mud and rain of the Argonne not having their shoes off for over ten days and you can understand the reason for some of the skin and circulatory diseases, for which we and they are still paying.

New men in the rush and excitement forgot the care of their bodies and particularly of their feet, and officers many times were just as derelict in this respect as their men.

We went into the war with an elaborate system of paper work for keeping records of sick and wounded that might do very well in a small peacetime army hospital but which was utterly impossible to keep up in the height of a big attack when one hospital received over thirteen hundred wounded in twenty-four hours, as happened at Château-Thierry. Again, in the same sector, large numbers of men were evacuated from one division because of diarrhea due to contaminated food, and no records could be kept.

Later, in the Argonne, our paper work was simplified. We adopted something like the English system of abbreviations and cards and indexes. About that time we functioned as a well-organized hospital should because we had gained experience and some of us had served in a pretty severe school with the British and French before being taken over by our Army. The

esprit de corps of the entire outfit was so noticeable that it pervaded all our work. I think this is the best example I can give of a well-trained soldier. It was a marked contrast to the outfits I saw in the beginning. The same men were putting forth every effort but producing results far below what they attained later.

It is not generally known that the manuals of the Medical Department at the time of the war were based on Civil War experiences revamped after the War with Spain. I can best illustrate how obsolete these books were by an incident. When I first became a part of a British organization in France I thought I had prepared myself by purchasing the manuals of their Medical Department. After the usual formal calls some officers dropped into my shack. The first things they spied were those manuals. They said, “What are those books?” I answered, “Your manuals.” They all laughed and replied, “Those things were washed out two years ago. Forget them.” A system that had worked in the Boer War was totally out of date in the World War.

It is agreed that the average American youth resents discipline when he first gives up civil life for the status of the soldier, and while as an individual his personal habits are clean, you must also agree that he is an individualist and collectively resents any compulsion in group cleanliness or sanitation. One can then understand the difficult task assumed by sanitary officers.

But all the fault did not lie with the Sanitary Corps. Army cooks sometimes

left much to be desired in cleanliness. I have seen meat and bread covered with flies outside a cook tent, and some cooks threw refuse in a heap behind the tent. Inexperienced officers, overburdened with responsibility, could not be expected to watch everything. I have often heard officers say that a war was on and there was no time for such details. No wonder there is such a backwash of stomach and intestinal troubles.

Making a good soldier out of the average American youth is like breaking a good cow horse. If the horse has a little buck and fight in him he makes all the better cutting or roping animal if he is properly broken. There is no better soldier than the American, but it takes time and patience to turn him out.

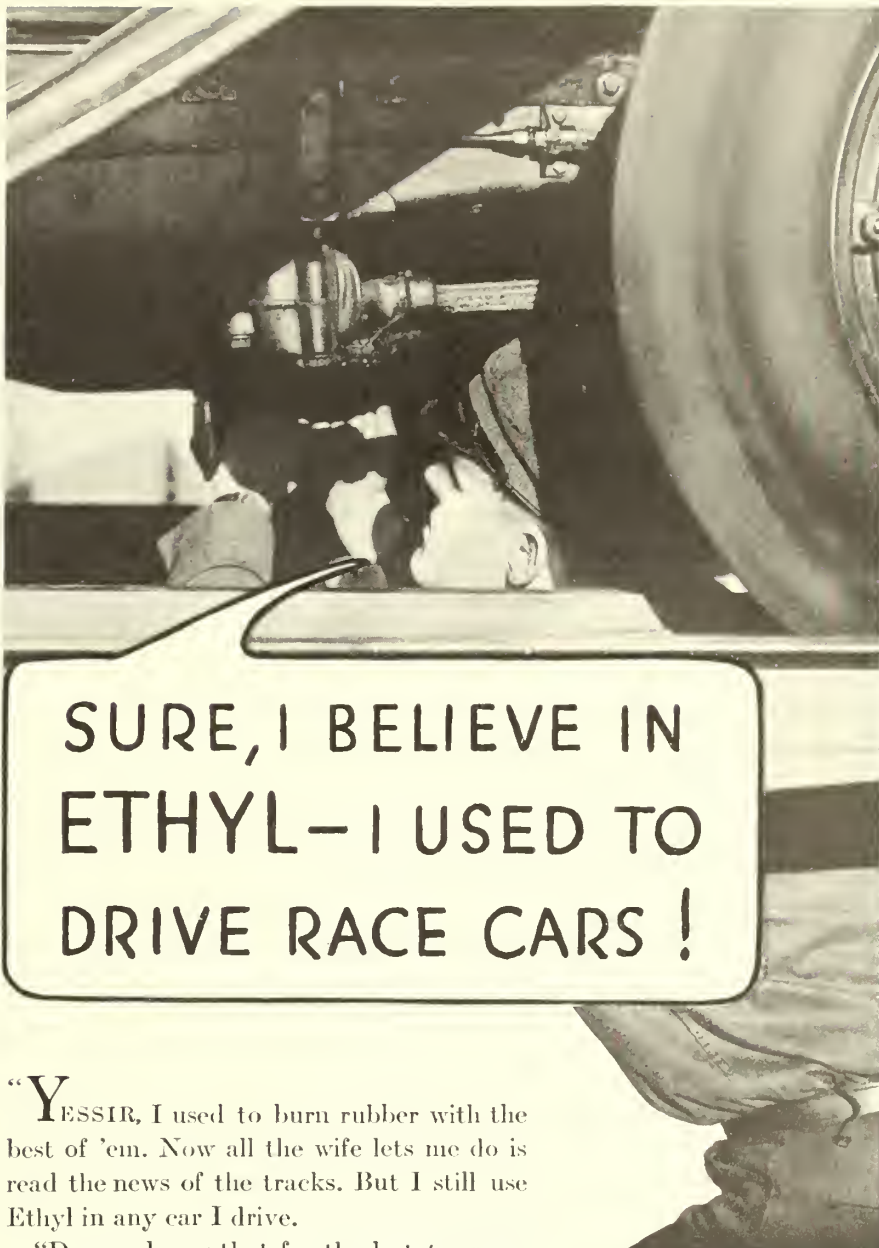
A perusal of the foregoing reveals some of the almost insurmountable obstacles the Medical Department met in its efforts to protect the lives and health of our troops.

The next question is, where does the blame lie? Certainly not in the Medical Department of the Army with its poorly equipped and obsolete methods of keeping records—an organization based on our experiences in past wars and having a small peace-time personnel. For example, I went back to Paris from Château-Thierry to get some suitable modern surgical instruments. I found from inquiry at Red Cross Headquarters there that our surgical equipment had been selected twenty-five years before. How long would a civilian hospital exist under those circumstances?

Don't think that our Surgeon General's Office was not trying to overcome the lack of proper equipment. It was and has been using every effort to secure appropriations for equipment and increase of personnel for training the civilian doctor in military science. Before the war we had a skeleton reserve receiving instructions from Fort Leavenworth. Today that reserve receives instructions in each corps area, and training camps are planned for each summer. The instructors are well-qualified, earnest, hardworking officers, giving their all in spite of an indifferent public lulled into a false security that allows such appropriations to be so cut or abolished that a self-sacrificing group of doctors and the fine men in the Medical Department of our Army may be unable to save us from disaster in any future war.

The nation has the disabled veteran on its hands. It has splendid hospitals that are better equipped and better able to take care of the veterans than are civilian hospitals, for they are organized for that purpose only.

Let me repeat that perhaps twenty percent of our war wounds might have been avoided by the proper training of our troops, and that a much larger percentage of casualties were due to epidemics, exposure and lack of sanitation. And these are the nation's problems—a nation that would not be forewarned, that has never prepared, but has always trusted to a beneficent Providence—at what a cost!



SURE, I BELIEVE IN
ETHYL—I USED TO
DRIVE RACE CARS!

“YESSIR, I used to burn rubber with the best of 'em. Now all the wife lets me do is read the news of the tracks. But I still use Ethyl in any car I drive.

“Do you know that for the last *ten* years—every winner at Indianapolis has used Ethyl? Any driver that went out on the track today without Ethyl in the tank—even with the best racing engine ever made—would be lapped something terrible.

“But don't get the idea that it's just a speed gas. You never see me making a race-track out of the town streets—I use Ethyl to get more power out of my old corn popper. It prevents the pinging that kills all the life in a car. Treat your bus to Ethyl today and see if she doesn't buzz a lot better!” Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Ethyl fluid contains lead. © E. G. C. 1933



NEXT TIME STOP
AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

As We See Things Now

(Continued from page 25)

to his customary high place in public opinion:

1. Battle casualties and other service-connected cases have been given payments much larger than those called for by the first regulations.

2. More than 36,000 widows and orphans of deceased service men have been restored to the rolls without a penny of reduction in the amounts of their compensation.

3. More than 154,000 veterans with service-connected disabilities by presumption of law have been given their day in court, with the burden of proof placed upon the Government to show beyond a reasonable doubt that their cases are not service connected. All of them would have been eliminated July 1, 1933, without an opportunity to plead their cases had the law not been amended.

4. Over 100,000 Spanish-American War veterans have been restored to the pension

rolls, receiving a minimum of \$15 a month.

5. Pensions for totally and permanently disabled World War and Spanish-American War veterans for non-service-connected disabilities have been increased to \$30 a month, as compared with \$20 a month under the first regulations.

Out of the whole experience represented by the repeal of the World War Veterans Act and the passage of the Economy Act, the Legion may rise greater than ever if it will profit by its own mistakes. The greatest of those mistakes was in not acting vigorously early in 1932 to counteract the misleading campaign of propaganda waged against the service man.

The Legion should have the answer ready for any future deliberate misrepresentation of veterans' benefits wherever it is presented. This is the policy the Legion has been following this year.

Having emerged from our trial by fire,

we can look to the future with spirit unshaken. Often tempted to answer calumny with bitterness, to return chicanery with unwarranted display of our own strength, we may still retain our capacity for common sense. As Kipling put it:

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or being lied about don't deal in lies,

Or being hated don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

There you have the measure of the Legion in its recent hours of trial. I think it will measure the Legion of the future.

You and the 21st Amendment

(Continued from page 17)

for a thirty-one gallon barrel. But if you will insist upon uncut hard liquor, or if your taste is for imported wines, more taxes confront you before the price of the wet goods as such enters into the ultimate cost of your beverage. The domestic supply of properly aged native whiskey is small. American wine is also limited to a modest reserve. Under government regulation whiskey must be aged at least four years before it can be withdrawn from bond. Wine experts declare that at least two years' aging is necessary to perfect a good potable wine. Therefore in the interval of years before American production of native whiskeys and wines can catch up with demand, the dry-throated connoisseur will be forced to depend on foreign sources for quality merchandise—rye from Canada, Scotch from the British Isles, cognac from France, wines from Europe, according to taste. With the exception of gin, which can be produced in any locality in any quantity overnight because aging plays no part in its manufacture, a two to four year drought by reason of scant supplies on hand confronts the drinker who ordinarily would "buy American."

Therein, unless gin has become your favorite beverage, the prospective cost of drinking again rises through taxation. Import duties are fixed at \$5 a gallon for hard liquors, \$6 a gallon for champagnes, \$1.25 a gallon for still wines.

It is important to remember that the foregoing internal taxes and import duties represent only the collections of the Federal Government. Before a glass containing legal liquor will touch your lips there is

little question but that other taxes will be added. In all probability a State tax will be imposed. The amount of it will vary. Precedent may be found in additional State taxes imposed on cereal beverages in those commonwealths where beer is now legal. In New York State the tax on beer is one dollar a barrel. That is twenty percent of the \$5 Federal tax. If the same percentage for a State tax is added generally to the Federal hard liquor tax, once more the cost to the drinker rises.

County, town or municipal governments, all of which are concerned over scant treasuries, will not neglect to impose additional taxes—if not direct taxes then high license fees to those who would engage in the traffic.

Such is the discouraging outlook for the thirsty so far as taxation is concerned. It stands clear that the Federal tax alone on a quart of uncut one hundred-proof native rye will be \$1.60, on an uncut quart of Canadian rye or imported Scotch, \$2.85. But uncut hard liquor will be hard to find in any event, as will presently be explained.

In such taxation, existing as well as impending, legal minds foresee a direct invitation to the bootlegger to continue in business. Excessive taxation breeds law violations in all fields of activity by providing a profit incentive. A prohibition director told me that when gasoline taxes exceed three cents a gallon, despite the bulk of that product, bootlegging of gasoline becomes a profitable practice. If enterprising law violators will risk imprisonment and fines on such a narrow margin of profit it is a certainty that excessive taxation of

liquor will encourage the booze bootlegger to carry on his illegal trade with unabated vigor. Repeal will not solve the problem of widespread law violation unless the profit incentive is removed by an intelligent readjustment of liquor taxation. But that is a matter to be solved by legislative bodies in the future. This article presents only immediate conditions.

Before America's horde of illegal drinkers variously developed tastes for bath-tub gin, corn liquor, applejack and moonshine, according to the products of their respective localities, the nation had one outstanding native drink—whiskey. In the last normal year of legalized liquor in the United States (1917) 57,000,000 gallons of whiskey were consumed. That same year the nation drank less than six million gallons of gin. Incidentally, the records show that the country rapidly was going temperate, if not Dry, of its own volition. Annual whiskey consumption had steadily slumped from 82,000,000 gallons in 1910, and meanwhile wine drinking was on the gain. However that may be, whiskey remained the prime favorite of bibblers in the category of hard liquors, and our ryes and bourbons were as inimitable in quality—at least to American palates—as they remain today.

Will America go back to whiskey as its favorite strong drink, or have prohibition substitutes definitely changed our drinking tastes? No one knows with assurance, but distillers think whiskey will be restored as the national beverage just as Scotch is the British favorite, vodka the Russian. So soon as licenses may be le-

gally issued to more than the seven distilleries now authorized to produce medicinal whiskey in limited quantities under the prohibition laws that whiskey-making is likely to become a major American industry. It is the popular saying in Wall Street that every business combine except the cement manufacturers is preparing to operate distilleries. Hiram Walker, Ltd., foremost Canadian whiskey makers, already have announced plans for invasion of the American field at Peoria, Illinois.

Eventually such spirited competition should mean good whiskey at low prices, but unless the government standard for bonded whiskey is lowered it will be at least four years before the prospective flood of rye and bourbon is available. For the dry years intervening the supply is distinctly limited. At present there is on hand in government bonded warehouses some seven million gallons of "ripe" whiskey from four to fifteen years old. An additional eleven million gallons have been distilled since 1929, two million gallons of which will be matured before Christmas.

Recent liberalization of medicinal whiskey regulations has resulted in a sharp increase in withdrawals (on one day in July more whiskey was withdrawn from bond than in the entire month in 1932), but that is not the chief reason inspiring frantic bidding for whiskey certificates which represent ownership when and if the 18th Amendment is voided. It is the imminence of Repeal which has boosted the price of many whiskeys fifty percent in a two-months' period. Gold Star brand whiskey (one of the cheapest medicinal brands) on June 1st was selling wholesale at \$30 a case of twenty-four pints. On July 31st the price had risen to \$48. Unless the Government arbitrarily halts the rise, liquor dealers say that no end is in sight, although a single concern, National Distillers, which owns more than two-thirds of the available American whiskey supply, is in a position to control the market in a manner close to monopoly. Because of the acute shortage the value of bonded rye is estimated by experts at \$15 a gallon in the warehouse before taxation.

If your taste is for American rye or bourbon exclusively, it is apparent that the inviolable law of supply and demand is at work further to increase the cost for you. The question may then be asked, is there not some method of hastening the aging process of whiskey so that potable liquor may be made available shortly after manufacture? Just as alchemists have sought for centuries to transmute base metals into gold, so chemists and scientists have sought to hasten the aging of whiskey, and with no more success. Despite theories of cradle-rocking and ocean voyages, the experts declare that nature alone can properly age whiskey.

Judged by statistics alone (whiskey consumption in the last year of legal drinking compared to the present supply) it would appear that slightly (Continued on page 44)

"DANDRUFF GONE in less than 3 weeks after I started the Scalptone treatment"*

*writes Pennsylvania man



1

A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK
with Packer's Tar Soap

Before you start with Scalptone, give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.



2

ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY
with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute, once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.

Note patented
Oil Tube

If you need oil, add
just the right amount
to have your hair
the way you want it



AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to *prevent* dandruff's returning.

If you are not satisfied with the results, we'll cheerfully return the purchase-price, if you'll write and tell us what you paid.

PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

①

Shampoo
with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP
once a week

②

Massage
with

PACKER'S SCALPTONE
every day

You and the 21st Amendment

(Continued from page 43)

less than a third of one year's supply will have to be stretched to cover the demand for the next four years. The situation is not quite so bad as that because the arts of cutting and blending will be employed to multiply the present supply in ratios variously estimated from five to one to ten to one.

IN THE argot of the prohibition era, "cut stuff" has come to be accepted as a synonym of rank inferiority. Actually the chances are that most of the stuff you ever drank over a bar in the old days was "cut."

My friend Johnny, whose face bears shrapnel scars inflicted in the Argonne, where he fought with the 77th Division, and to whom the war was but an interlude marking his transition from journeyman bartender to speakeasy proprietor, assures me that it was the common practise of saloon-keepers of old to dilute one hundred-proof bonded whiskey with cologne spirits and distilled waters in the ratio of five to one. Such bar whiskey sold variously at ten cents a drink or two for a quarter, and unless you were a connoisseur it passed as a potable beverage. Johnny has continued the practise in his present place of business, and paying as high as \$165 a case for diverted medicinal whiskey and \$20 a gallon for cologne spirits, he has made a profit on such "whiskey" at fifty cents a drink.

However, it is doubtful whether saloon-keepers will be able to buy bonded one hundred-proof whiskey to use as a "cutting" base under the impending Wet regime, and Johnny will tell the world that whiskey cut more than five to one is no longer recognizable as whiskey. Only straight whiskey will stand such treatment.

The chances are that only blended whiskeys will be available on the open market—and blended whiskeys will not stand further diluting. The process of blending differs from cutting in that it is a task for experts. Many nationally-known brands of pre-war whiskeys were such blended products. In commercial blending, bonded whiskeys are variously mixed with immature whiskeys, cologne spirits, sherry, caramel coloring and distilled water, swelling the volume and lowering the proof content. Through such treatment the ratio may be increased more than five to one and the mixture yet remain a potable drink.

Straight whiskey is cheap enough to make. A good product can be manufactured at an initial cost of sixty cents a gallon. Storage, evaporation, bonding charges and overhead approximately double the cost before it is ready for the market. Then to taxes must be added the costs of transportation and distribution, advertising and other sales expense items, profits

for wholesaler, jobber and retailer. It is difficult to justify \$15-a-gallon whiskey from such basic costs and the shortage alone explains it. Four years hence it should be at least fifty percent cheaper before taxation.

It would serve no purpose to detail the figures by which estimates of probable immediate cost to the consumer are arrived at, nor can any safe generalization be made in view of the likely variations of additional State and local taxes. Beyond such involved figures are further complications in figuring the Federal rectifying and proof taxes which will average somewhere between \$1.40 and \$1.50 a quart for eighty-proof whiskey, a fair average. Those who know say that blended whiskeys cannot possibly be sold for less than four dollars a quart. Uncut bonded whiskey will cost at least double that. With the present low medicinal tax such whiskey is now selling, ostensibly on doctors' prescriptions, for four dollars a pint—and it should not be forgotten that the market is sky-rocketing daily.

Four years from the time the 18th Amendment is nullified whiskey should be plentiful, but if the present tax rates are maintained it will never sell at less than \$3 a quart, although such whiskey should be good straight stuff instead of blended.

If the saloon comes back in some form, whiskey will not sell much more cheaply than present bootleg rates. Johnny tells me that with customary "house courtesies" there are no more than sixteen paying drinks in a full quart bottle. That means that at a quarter a drink, assuming the blended whiskeys cannot be cut further, the gross return would exactly equal the cost—four dollars. Eliminating the necessity for profit, the proprietor must figure expenses, bartender's wages, rent, light, free lunch and license fee (and no matter how high the license fee Johnny says it will be cheaper than the cost of "protection" under the present "Dry" system).

THE prospects are for a cost over the mahogany, or even at a table with a prop sandwich, of thirty-five cents a drink, and quite possibly the present general speak-easy rate of a half dollar.

Gin will be the cheapest domestic legal drink. The tax (Federal) on gin will not be more than \$1.50 a quart on a proof-rectified basis, and it would appear that the cost of the beverage itself should not exceed an additional dollar in the consumer's hands. Even at three dollars a quart, all costs included, gin could be sold over a bar at twenty-five cents a drink—but not at much profit. Those who have predicted a saturnalia of drinking if the saloon returns evidently have failed to consider the economic discouragements to such a state of affairs.

The man who intends to continue making his own gin faces at least a triple cost if he complies with all tax formalities. A gallon of legal alcohol converted into gin cannot cost less than fifteen dollars against a current bootleg quotation of five dollars a gallon in the East.

THE nearest approach to American whiskey (and the only comparable rye and bourbon in potability in the world) is that distilled in Canada, but experts pronounce it markedly inferior to our own. Canadian processes of aging vary from the American; the natural limestone waters of the American whiskey belt, the chemistry of the soil on which grow the raw materials, the distilling art in itself resulting from generations of experience, are not to be duplicated in Canada. But such things are not the greatest handicap of the Canadian product. Government regulations of the Dominion permit withdrawal from bond after two years against the American standard of four. That two years' difference in aging accounts for a youthfulness in Canadian rye objectionable to connoisseurs. Yet compared to bootleg American rye the Canadian aging period must be pronounced as antiquity itself. None the less it must be rated "green" and light according to our old standards.

Most Americans are familiar with the Canadian product as the result of prohibition. As the sale is regulated in Wet provinces it is estimated generally that four-fifths of the cost to the retail buyer represents taxes in various forms. If American distributors go whiskey-shopping in Canada it is a certainty that some part of the dominion and provincial taxes will be imposed before the stuff reaches the border. There the five-dollars-a-gallon customs duty awaits, and thereafter the \$6.40 beverage tax. Canada has on hand some 11,000,000 gallons of whiskey aged two years or more and an additional 25 to 30 million gallons of varying youthfulness. But with the tax barriers from source to consumer, plus handling costs, Canadian rye and bourbon uncut cannot retail at much less than six dollars a quart this side of the border.

The same tariffs cannot be escaped in other foreign markets for potable hard liquors, be they rum from Cuba or Scotch from the British Isles. There is an unlimited supply of Scotch—some sixty million gallons in the British Isles, where a good quality of the smoky firewater sells for \$4 a quart retail after being loaded down with taxes. Based on foreign wholesale quotations, shipping costs, customs and domestic taxes here, uncut Scotch cannot sell for less than \$50 a case, and the twelve bottles will likely be "fifths"—five bottles to the gallon instead of four. These, too, cannot sell retail for less than \$5 a

bottle, more likely \$6 or \$7. It was a former practise to blend Scotch here. To one part Scotch was added two parts of cologne spirits, prune juice and blending sherry. Such treatment here would reduce the import duty per quart approximately seventy-five cents, from \$1.25 a quart to about fifty cents, including the rectifying tax. The elastic dilution would further reduce the cost and Scotch might then be sold as low as \$4 a bottle, and the same might be said if Canadian rye were similarly blended. It may then be questioned whether the diluted product would be much superior to current bootleg Scotch, the quotation for which is \$30 to \$45 a case.

With such high taxation confronting the drinker the question is asked whether economic circumstance will not force the average drinker to turn to beers and light wines, although some wines are not so light.

Because present Federal beer legislation specifically fixes a legal limit for alcoholic content of 3.2 percent by weight, brewers are hesitant to say they will voluntarily increase the alcoholic content of their beer without further legislative authority from the Government. Until the 18th Amendment is nullified nothing would be gained by agitating the question, and there is a practical issue involved. Higher alcoholic content in beer means increased cost of production.

The truth is that pre-war beer averaged only about one-half percent more alcohol by weight than the present legal limit. Many nationally-known brands of the pre-prohibition era, in fact, contained less than 3.2 percent of alcohol. Rare was the beer of old that contained more than four percent of alcohol by weight.

Ale, however, was different. Pre-war ale ran from 5 to 7½ percent alcohol by weight. The average was close to 6½ percent. Strong ales are a distinct possibility to relieve the drought.

Yet it must be stated that legal beer has failed to create the prosperity predicted for it. Breweries operating on a cash-and-carry basis have done quite well. Most of the illegal breweries formerly operated by gangsters and racketeers have been abandoned or sold to legal operators. State taxes, high license fees, supervisory regulations adding to sales expense have interposed to make beer cost the consumer too much. The retailer has decidedly not grown rich. The consumer has had better beer at lower prices than speakeasy rates, but it is not too much to say that present beer is a disappointment. In New York City twenty "taverns" financed by a leading brewery failed during one of the hottest weeks in July when thirsts should have kept bartenders busy. In Massachusetts beer wholesalers are crying to have license fees refunded. They are ready to quit. Possibly an additional half percent of alcohol will change the situation. Ale should help. By reason of an import duty of a dollar a gallon on foreign beers and ales the American (Continued on page 46)

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You and the 21st Amendment

(Continued from page 45)

market has been preserved to home brewers in any event.

There is a shortage in American wines as well as whiskeys. That means that foreign wine merchants are preparing to flood the American market when and if. But the foreign agents are not yet ready to quote complete prices. A leading agent for a French syndicate did make the positive declaration that good champagne (but not the famous vintages) would be available to American consumers at \$5 the bottle despite the customs duty of \$6 a gallon, a premium of \$1.50 a quart over American champagnes. That is the retail price, but at your restaurant table after overhead and service charges are added it will cost more than that. Incidentally, foreign agents have begun an agitation for lower duties, and it was perhaps to be expected that such agitation would be involved with the familiar issue of war debts.

The American wine-maker believes that impending legalization presents brilliant prospects. He has never conceded that foreign wines are superior to American, and a California syndicate manager told me that with unprejudiced customers among the people who have matured since Prohibition, a trial will convince them of American equality, if not superiority. The tariff wall is generally considered adequate to give home-grown champagnes and still wines a fair advantage.

The Government estimates that between 22 and 25 millions of gallons of American wines are in storage against a pre-war consumption average of from 50 to 75 million gallons annually.

Wine experts, however, say that because of bootleg diversion and spoilage through various causes there are not more than 17 million gallons of merchantable wine available, and most of it is of the sweet and dry variety.

Domestic ports and sherries now are quoted wholesale at twelve dollars a case of twelve quart bottles, which compares with a pre-Prohibition rate of between \$6 and \$7. The retail cost, which will be kept in check by foreign competition, should not exceed \$1.50 a quart under present low taxation. Such ports and sherries average twenty percent alcohol—forty proof—or half the strength of the average blended whiskey in prospect.

Home wine-making, which is legal under Prohibition too, should prevent the rise of prices which is occurring in the whiskey market. It is estimated that one hundred million gallons of wine is now made annually in homes. That figure is based on a five-fold increase in wine-grape shipments since the advent of Prohibition.

Citizens of foreign extraction, who constitute the majority of home wine-makers, probably will continue to practise their art for reasons of economy. Whether the wine-concentrate market, which caters more to the amateur wine-maker, will continue to flourish is dubious. Much depends on whether the price of bottled wines remains within reach of the average pocket-book.

In the event that demand exhausts the modest American wine supply now on hand, it should be restored two years hence because that is the average time required for aging against the present four-year aging standard for whiskey. But

French, German, Italian and Spanish wine-makers stand ready to step into the breach should a drought threaten. Not counting ocean freights, their tariff handicap on still wines is but slightly more than thirty cents a quart under normal conditions. Obviously the present depreciated dollar gives gold-standard nations a considerable advantage in lower duties. The French cannot help but benefit there, not only in wines but in the Republic's foremost hard liquor product, cognac. America drank more than 8,000,000 gallons of brandy in 1917. The present domestic supply is estimated at only 150,000 gallons. Figuring a 75-cent dollar against the gold franc, the \$5-a-gallon import duty on cognac is reduced to \$3.75. On the same exchange ratio the \$6-a-gallon champagne duty shrivels to \$4.50, the still-wine dues to less than 94 cents. Such variations give gold-standard nations a distinct advantage.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Since the preparation of this article legal experts of the Treasury Department have advised President Roosevelt that in their opinion the present revenue law providing a beverage tax of \$6.40 a gallon "plainly means illegally diverted." Believing the courts would so interpret the law, the Treasury has advised that the pre-war Federal tax of \$1.10 a gallon should be collected until Congress legally may enact liquor legislation. The Administration is expected to ask the new Congress, convening in January, for the \$6.40 rate. Whether the machinery of repeal will move fast enough to bring the rates of the Treasury's new ruling into practical effect remains an open question.

The Earner Comes into His Own

(Continued from page 11)

In between the enormous industrial giants at the top and the farmer and the earner on the bottom is the small business man. It has been pointed out that large industries, barricaded behind surpluses, can well afford to stand the temporary loss under which they will operate until such a time as increased demand puts them on a profitable basis. But the small business man, without vast capital, perhaps just making ends meet, what will happen to him when he must comply with the NRA fair competition code?

Frankly, until such a time as the slack is taken up and money is flowing freely again, his condition remains the same. He will be neither better nor worse off as a consequence of the emergency acts of the Government. If he was at a disadvantage in competing with Big Business he will still have the same disadvantage. The only

thing that can be said is that his disadvantage will not be greater under the New Deal.

This is the most pessimistic viewpoint. On the other hand, when there is more business being done as a consequence of increased buying power he will share with the rest in the increase. Taking this position he will be better off than he was during the depression just as everyone else will be. The only thing the NRA cannot do is to remove the economic disadvantage, if there is one, under which he labors in competing with big business.

We may take, as an example, the case of a man who owns a small string of taxicabs. He has been in the habit of working his chauffeurs twelve to fifteen hours a day at the minimum wage such labor can be employed. Under the NRA he must reduce the working hours, necessitating the em-

ployment of two extra chauffeurs. He must increase wages not only to the old drivers but to the new. Thus his overhead is increased—in his own statement far beyond his ability to meet it. He declares that to comply with the NRA means ruin. What will happen to him?

This taxicab owner labors under economic pressure that governmental acts cannot remove. If another taxicab company can obey the NRA code and still operate without a loss or at some profit, the smaller taxicab owner must give way to this competition. That is an economic law which cannot be evaded by emergency acts of the Government. If, however, the small business man can find other economies and manage to continue until the slack is taken up he will find himself prospering as all of us will prosper. The only thing he cannot fail to do is comply with

the NRA code, for that will ruin him and all the rest of us.

One of the great handicaps to the re-establishing of the purchasing power of the farmer and the earner has been the fact that our dollar had a gold basis. As gold became cheap, as it did in prosperous times, the purchasing power of the dollar fell commensurately. As gold became expensive in times of depression the dollar's buying power increased. A man borrowing money in good times, and forced to repay in bad times, frequently paid in purchasing power nearly twice as much as he had borrowed. This cannot be permitted to continue.

Speaking for myself, I hope that we never again tie our economic life to gold. The President has said that he proposes to establish a dollar that will always buy a dollar's worth of goods. In other words, a dollar whose purchasing power is always constant and known. This is only fair. If a man saves a hundred dollars to buy a motorcycle he should know, when he has the money saved, that the vehicle will cost precisely a hundred dollars and not seventy-five if gold becomes dear or a hundred and twenty-five dollars if it cheapens. The farmer who borrows on a crop future should pay back no more than he borrowed. The dollar is strictly a medium of exchange, a token; and it should never have any special relationship to a commodity which, after all, is all that gold is. And under the New Deal they have been divorced, I hope, for good.

Until industry can take up the slack in unemployment the urgent need for jobs and new purchasing power has caused the Government to appropriate more than three billion dollars for a general public works program, which is helping, as I write, to give employment. In that appropriation is an item of \$25,000,000 which will begin a far-reaching experiment of vast importance to the earner and our economic life. I like to call this item our homesteading project because it is just that. The money will be spent in placing thousands of earners and their families upon the land. Not land in the woods and barrens, but land close enough to our industrial centers so that the earner may work in the factories. But instead of being in a dark apartment or unsanitary shanty, he will live in a modern house with all conveniences, and have two acres of ground upon which to raise garden produce for his table.

This will not be an outright gift to the earner. It will be a loan. The Government will help buy the land and erect the house. Out of his wages the earner will pay the indebtedness, and as he returns money back into the original fund it can again be expended to continue the movement. This is not a new experiment. It has been working with success in other countries. They have used it as a solution to the slum problem, and I can see no reason why we cannot solve our slum problem the same way. (Continued on page 48)



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The Earner Comes into His Own

(Continued from page 47)

In our case the land settlement plan will aid in solving our disappearing industries problem. By that I mean the migration or vanishment of some major industry that has employed thousands of workers. For example, the textile industry, in moving south to be close to the cotton supply, left behind thousands of workers stranded in cities whose labor capacities could not absorb them. As other forms of power came in use coal mines that could not mine coal profitably at the prevailing prices had to be shut down. Many miners were thrown out of work. Born into families of miners, they had no other occupation. The consequence has been labor disputes, with strikes and shutouts.

The homesteading plan will endeavor to move these unemployed to places where work is obtainable. Upon the land they can raise much of what they eat. One with an imagination can look ahead and see what this homesteading plan means to the earner over a period of years.

I speak of only a few features of the New Deal. There are others which I have not the space to discuss. But all of them together have a common meaning which I wish I had the ability to portray.

It will be said by many reading this article that the New Deal—which is modified capitalism, a saving of all of value from the wreckage of 1932—paralyzes initiative, and takes away from a man the

lure of wealth, security and comfort as an incentive. This is not true. The adventurous man, the man with an idea, may still benefit himself under the new concepts as he did under the old. The difference is that he now benefits others as well as himself. His ideas become clothed with a public interest. The common good and not greed alone shall prevail.

The man who invents a superior mouse-trap will still have a path beaten to his door, but instead of using his profits to build up a corporate surplus and a vast private fortune, he will return to the earner a sufficient share of the enterprise so that the earner can use mouse-traps, shirts, radios—whatever we add to our standard of living.

The return of a just share of income to the earner is the law of the new industrial age which we must obey to survive. And the sooner we acknowledge it the better.

For a while, until the slack is taken up and money flows readily, industry must bear a heavy load. Without doubt a factory on a production scale employing only a hundred men will find its overhead increased when it is forced to double the number of employed and increase wages. But the fact remains that if this is a factory large enough to employ a thousand men, the overhead charges are being borne by two hundred men and are therefore high. However, as demand increases and more

and more men are employed the costs are reduced, distributed more widely. As costs decrease industry will find itself regaining its fair—and only fair—share of the national income. Under the New Deal Big Business is recognized as a natural economic growth and the anti-trust laws have been suspended. But it is now recognized that Big Business is clothed with a public interest, and it will never again be permitted to enter the anarchistic state that led us to the present debacle.

It has cost millions of the public credit to get this machinery started; it will cost millions more to pay the processing taxes and the increased costs of labor. These costs inevitably will be sped on to the consumer. How will they eventually be paid? How eventually will the terrific load of city, state and national debt be paid, as paid it must be?

The answer to these questions rests in the success of the recovery plans to re-establish buying power. As more money comes into circulation with greater velocity the extra costs will be absorbed without difficulty. As prices rise the burden of city, state and national debts can be met. In these price rises due to the buying power of the earner and the farmer lies the last answer.

The earner and the farmer are the keys. We can never ignore them again if we are to prosper as a people.

Six Months After the Bank Holiday

(Continued from page 15)

has gone up. Specifically, consider any local electric company. Let us assume that the local bank owns some of its bonds. During the depth of the depression, the bank would have had to stand a considerable loss if it had been forced to sell these bonds.

Since then, these bonds have greatly increased in market value. If the bank decides now to sell them, the transaction would show a negligible loss, or possibly none. If the market continues its general upward movement—nobody knows whether it will, of course—the bank's bond account will presently show it out of the red ink on these bonds, if it has not already attained this happy condition.

What has happened to a single bond is unimportant. But the same thing has been happening for several months now, all along the line in the better class of so-called general market bonds in which many banks had invested some of their depositors' money. The shrinkage in these bond values had the power to close a good many banks, for if their bonds were carried on their books at what they would bring on the market, the banks did not have enough

assets to pay their depositors. Many banks were closed by this shrinkage. Every bank which had such bonds has been greatly strengthened by the upward trend of bond prices.

The same way with other assets. Farm mortgages shrank in value, were almost impossible to sell. Now the Federal Land Banks and the Federal Land Commissioner can lend money on farm mortgages. Many country banks which have taken heavy losses on farm mortgages now stand an excellent chance to exchange their mortgages for Land Bank cash. And this is a further factor of strength in the situation.

These are tangible changes for the better. Quite as important, I believe, are some of the less concrete improvements. Of these, the greatest is the change in the bankers' own attitude. It would do no good to deny that back in the new-era days a good many of us who operate banks were suffering from hazardous mental quirks.

SOME of our bankers were so intoxicated by their growing power and wealth that they became arrogant. Many more

became so convinced of their infallible judgment that they failed to take the precautions which have governed sound banking for generations. The bankers who made these mistakes in the worst degree are no longer in business. But I think that most of us made them in some degree. And those of us who escaped the extreme punishment have learned our lesson. While the present generation of senior bank officers has the responsibility of operating our banks, there will be very few long chances taken. Bankers are a chastened lot these days. We have learned our lesson.

Another important lesson that has been learned by both the bankers and the public is their mutual interdependence. Honestly, now, did you have any idea that closing the banks would cause you the tremendous inconvenience that you experienced early last March? Frankly, neither did most bankers.

I think we shall see, during the months and years just ahead, a greater willingness of the public to learn about banking, and of the banks to go out of their way to teach the public the important banking facts.

I'll wager that until a year ago you would never have bothered to wade thus far through an article about banking. And I'll meet you halfway by confessing that until six months ago I would never have bothered to write the article for your information. You see, you and I, as typical of the public and of bankers, have made a good deal of progress in a short while. Let me prophesy that we shall both progress even more rapidly in the same direction for several years at least. And this prophecy, if it comes true, constitutes another favorable factor in the general banking situation. For in a world where the banker troubles to educate the public about his business, and where the public is willing to learn, banking troubles and depositors' hysteria are far less likely to occur.

We have seen major changes in the banking laws of the nation during the past few months. Many of these changes are so technical in their application that explaining them would require more words than the explanation would be worth. Some of the changes are in such delicately balanced fields of banking operation that just how they will work out remains to be seen. Most of them are efforts to legislate out of existence the most flagrant abuses that crept into some banks during the period from 1920 to 1933.

Some of these laws will doubtless have the effect intended. Others will have little effect. Some few of them may even backfire, and produce results quite different from what was intended. But in the aggregate they are doubtless good laws, and the total benefits derived from them should far exceed the damage that some of them may do. Moreover, there is always the excellent chance that before the questionable laws have time to do any harm they may be repealed. Congress was so overwhelmed with urgent legislative jobs last spring that it would not be remarkable if a few of its acts came up for reconsideration when opportunity offers.

As this is written, it looks as if the banks of the country have just about reached the point where they can begin lending money a little more freely. For months, now, they have had ample money—but they have been unable to lend it because there have been so few loan applicants who constituted a reasonably safe risk for the money. More businesses every day are beginning to make showings which entitle them to borrow money at conservatively managed banks.

If this article has an optimistic tone throughout, I hope that it is still sufficiently conservative to spare me the accusation of being a Pollyanna. For I do not think that everything, without reservation, in banking is just the best it can possibly be. But I do know that we have in this country made more progress toward sound banking since March 4, 1933, than we have ever made in a comparable period. And I am just optimist enough to think that the improvement will continue.



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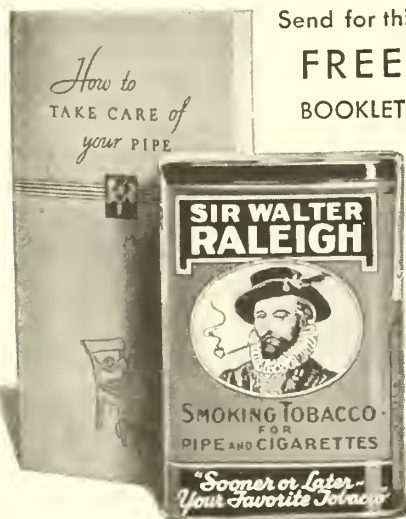
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SPEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When *they* complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! Less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the *right kind* of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild, fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

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A Tooth at St. Mihiel

(Continued from page 9)

trenches. His traffic stream now meshed into another one, equally large, and the two somehow jostled on together.

It was suddenly dark. There were no lights. Lieutenant Wingo was utterly lost, with ten thousand people all around him.

He edged out of the marching column, feeling his way slowly through the battered village, sensing its ruin and desolation. He kept his hands against the walls of houses and stumbled over piles of fallen masonry and timbers. He barked his knuckles and his shins.

A light gleamed for an instant almost in his face. It was down an areaway. Wingo stumbled down after it. He found a door and shoved. He came into a large bare room that might have been a kitchen. Two men were busy unpacking field trunks. They were both privates, first class. They seemed to accept Wingo's presence without question and went on unpacking.

"Boys, I'm looking for B Company of the Six Forty-First Machine Gun," Wingo told them.

One of the men paused in his labor. "Buddy, we wouldn't know, we just got in here with headquarters equipment of the Six Fifty-Third Infantry. We gotta establish a temporary P.C. here right now. That's what we're working on."

The other man suggested, "I gotta big map." He spread it out. There, marked on it, was "B Company, Six Forty-First Machine Gun." The spot was in the eastern, or near, edge of a patch of woods, not more than a kilometer away down the road that led to the front.

Out in the darkness again, Wingo found that there had come a lull in the raining. But there were no stars. He swung into the traffic again. All he could see were shadows and, off over the German lines, the periodic burst of signal rockets, seemingly far away.

He turned off, after what he judged was a kilometer, into woods at the left of the road. He was challenged before he had gone twenty feet.

"Halt! Who's there?"

"I'm a friend."

"Advance, friend and give the countersign."

It was a contingency that had not occurred to him.

"I don't know the countersign but I'm Lieutenant Wingo, looking for Captain Swenson of B Company."

"Why, that's our captain. Guess you can come along." Wingo advanced. "Know where the command post is?"

"No, I don't," Wingo confessed. "I've had a terrible time getting up here, too. I came from headquarters to see the captain. My, I didn't think it'd take so long. I'll be all hours getting back to Minorville tonight."

"Tonight? Say, we're goin' forward,

not back, they tell me. I'll take you to the captain."

They plunged through the forest, soggy branches slapping Wingo in the face. After a few minutes, his guide paused and then dropped down into a trench. Wingo followed. They waded through deep mud and soon came to a dugout, the entrance covered by several layers of burlap curtains. Wingo went after the guide down into the dugout. It was roomy and not badly furnished. Candles threw off a feeble light. Half a dozen men sat about.

"Here's a lieutenant I picked up out there, looking for Captain Swenson," explained the sentry.

"What can we do for you, Lieutenant?" asked one of the sergeants.

"I heard the captain had a bad tooth. I've come up to pull it."

Incredulity stood for a moment on all the faces.

"Well, that certainly is service," grunted the sergeant at last. "The old man didn't say anything about it, though. Did he tell any of you boys?"

"Nope, not a word."

"Sure you got the right captain?—oh, yes, he did have a toothache a week or so back, come to think of it. He was belly-aching about it to the adjutant, just to sort of get the adjutant's goat."

"The adjutant was the one told me to come up here and pull the tooth."

"Well, as I say, that's service. I guess Cap Swenson will be glad to see you, but I wouldn't lay any great odds on it. However, you're here now. He'll be back pretty soon. He went out to spread the word about the show tomorrow morning."

"Show?"

"Advance, push, battle. We got our orders just about an hour ago. We go over at five in the morning. At first Captain Swenson was going to send the runners out to bring the platoon commanders in for a confab but the orders were so simple it didn't need no confab—just pick up our machine-guns and follow the infantry! So the cap figured he'd do better going around and telling the lieutenants himself, and at the same time making a final reconnaissance. Sit down and wait. He'll be moseyin' back. I don't believe I'd have my forceps out, though, it might hit him too sudden. Just lead up to it gradual."

Lieutenant Wingo waited, making himself as comfortable as the cramped surroundings and the sergeant's predictions permitted. The men talked with considerable excitement of the coming battle.

"Lord, it sure will be good to get out of these trenches and move."

"Me, I wanta see what's over there."

"Wonder if they can fight."

"They tell me there's two Prussian Guard divisions right across from us."

"They're said to be good scrappers."
"Maybe we are, too."

Some of them wrote painstaking final letters to the folks back home. Others prudently heated coffee and put away a square meal. One or two pored over maps.

Presently a runner, stocky and red-headed, pushed through the entrance. They greeted him.

"Where's the old man, Mickey?"

"Say, he walked me all over the sector and then decided he'd stay up with the second platoon. He told all the boys what's what, told 'em as much as he knew himself, and said he didn't see no reason to hike back here again. He said for you, Sarge, to bring up the records, and try and meet him up near the first objective. He wants me to join him up at the second platoon right away, and bring him up a regular issue green slicker to wear instead of his own trench coat; he figures there ain't no use tipping off German snipers that he's an officer. Well, gimme a shot o' that Java and I'll bust on back."

"I'll go on up with you," said Lieutenant Wingo.

The first sergeant explained. "This here's the dentist, come up to pull the captain's tooth."

"Oh, he won't stand for that," said the runner.

"But the adjutant sent me up," said Wingo.

"Still and all, it's the cap's tooth. He'll have a good deal to say."

"Me, I'd advise you to go on back," declared the first sergeant. "At least, I'd say for you to stick here in this dugout and not go gallivanting up front. You'll just get hurt."

Lieutenant Wingo peered at him. "Hurt? Why, son, I ain't afraid of that."

The runner ceased gulping coffee. "Well, come on, then." He glanced at his wrist. "It's seven-thirty. They'll be moving out early." He and Lieutenant Wingo adjusted their gas masks in the alert position, put on steel helmets, buttoned coats around necks.

It was raining again, and heavily. The night was now so dark that they could not even make out the sides of the trench in which they walked. They sank into mud over their shoe-tops on every step, sometimes more deeply. There was no sound except that made by the rain.

Mickey, the runner, knew some short cuts through trenches and over the top of the ground; they traveled fast, considering the weather and the load they carried. Presently they slid down into a trench and found themselves among silent men who stood there in the dispiriting downpour and the dark, holding on their shoulders machine guns, tripods, ammunition and spare part cases. They were the men of the second platoon.

"Moving out already?" asked Mickey.

"Yeh, the cap figured it'd take all night for us to get up to the jump-off line."

"Where is the captain?"

"Up ahead." (Continued on page 52)

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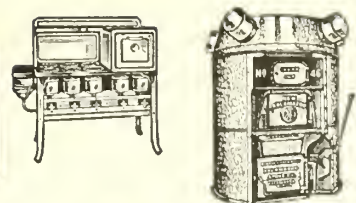
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A Tooth at St. Mihiel

(Continued from page 51)

Mickey and Wingo moved in that direction. In so doing they had to bump into and climb around the forty-two men who stood in the trench, holding the machine-gun parts, and waiting. But when they got to the head of the line there was no Captain Swenson. The men up there had not seen him, hadn't the slightest notion where he might be.

"We better just wait here," advised Mickey. Wingo had nothing better to offer.

They stood there with the rain hammering on their steel hats and soaking their garments. Three solid hours passed. The line of men did not move. At midnight, a figure came crowding through the trench, announcing himself as one Lieutenant Grether, the platoon commander. Mickey grasped his arm.

"Please, sir, where's the captain?"

"Hell, I don't know. Ain't he up here? Must of went over with the first platoon." He raised his voice. "All right, men, we're moving out! Keep closed up! Forward, ho!"

Wingo fell in beside him, slipping and sloshing.

"Mister, can I go with you?"

"Well, who *are* you?"

"The dentist. You see—"

"Quit your kidding."

"Honest. The adjutant—"

"Sure, come along."

Through the trench they plowed until they came to the Lironville-Limey road; then climbed out upon it. It was still packed solid with men moving forward, each with his hand on the shoulder of the man ahead so that the line would not be broken and the men lose their way. They moved at the rate of about a mile an hour. No one could see the men ahead of him, or at his side. When the procession halted, which was every few seconds, rifles collided with noses, tin hats were knocked askew. Then the line would surge suddenly forward again and everyone would have to run for a few steps to catch up. It was raining harder than ever.

The machine-gunners of the second platoon managed to keep together. After about a kilometer they turned off into the open fields just back of the Metz-St. Dizier road, close to the old No Man's Land.

Without warning, the entire sky was lighted by a flash that ran from one horizon to the other, and an instant later they were stunned by a compound explosion that almost lifted them off their feet. It was one o'clock and the bombardment had commenced, the greatest concentration of artillery in the world's history; the guns almost hub to hub on a front of twenty kilometers, were pounding away.

The men were deafened for a few minutes and then their ears gradually became

accustomed to the roar and they were able to distinguish a rise and fall, a certain rhythm in it. They could pick out the sharp bark of the Seventy-Fives, some of which were close behind them and firing directly over their heads; the periodical deep growl of naval rifles, far back in the forests.

They tumbled into another trench and worked their way forward. After an hour or so the rain slackened, then ceased. The first gray of dawn showed through.

They were far forward now in the old trench system that the French had built in the early days of the war; they were at the jump-off position. It was light enough to see forms near by, faces. Men lit cigarettes. The lieutenant showed his watch to Wingo—a quarter before five. "Funny we don't run into the captain." Wingo nodded, only half hearing in the turmoil.

The creeping barrage was now concentrated just in front of their position, tearing at the barbed wire, harassing the enemy machine-gunners. The explosions came to their ears, sharp, angry. The salty fumes of the powder stung their nostrils.

The lieutenant, eyes on his wrist, dropped his arm sharply.

"Come on, let's go!" he shouted. He leaped at the trench parapet, clawing for a hold. Lieutenant Wingo boosted him up. He leaned down and gave Wingo a hand. The two of them stooped to help the other men, taking the Vickers guns, the tripods that were handed them. In a few minutes all of the platoon were formed in line on top of the trench; they stepped off into No Man's Land, and their first battle.

Ahead of them ran the infantry, encumbered only by packs and rifles. They swept in ragged lines down a slope toward a woods. They flanked the woods, keeping in the open, leaping strands of curled-up wire. Men stumbled, strangely, and fell. Other men gazed at the trees at the edge of the woods, and fired their rifles into the branches. Alien figures in gray tumbled out.

Nearby at the right, men in green, Marines of the Second Division, moved forward, too. Overhead, the sky was suddenly fair and smiling. A liaison airplane zoomed a scant two hundred feet overhead, the tri-colored concentric circles of the Allies showing on its wings. As they looked, it crumpled suddenly and crashed to the ground.

The machine-gunners panted to keep up. Each man carried fifty pounds of equipment, in addition to his uniform and pack. Lieutenant Wingo was alert to make himself useful. He took two boxes of ammunition from the hands of a stumbling little Italian boy. They fell behind the others. They came to an old trench, too wide to be leaped. Wingo surveyed the situation, then divested himself of his own pack, slid

down into the trench and took the ammunition from the boy. The boy slid in after him. There was a terrific explosion close at hand. Lieutenant Wingo looked out presently, and found that his kit-bag, with all his dental paraphernalia, had been blown to bits.

After a little, he remembered that he had an extra pair of forceps in his coat pocket.

THAT afternoon, about three, Lieutenant Wingo stood in a field and watched columns of infantry storm the village of Beney. Except that they were Americans, Wingo did not know what infantry they were; he was hopelessly lost. He had dropped behind his comrades, the machine-gunners, at the time his kit-bag was blown up. All day he had wandered on alone, following the map, hunches, and the advice of passing doughboys. He had penetrated the Bois de Mort Mare, and had taken part in the capture of Bouillonville. He had walked with the first wave when they attacked. He had helped herd up prisoners, had bandaged wounds.

An enemy battery of 88-millimeter guns, located on an adjacent hill, was firing with deadly effect at the advancing doughboys. They wavered and re-formed. They started working to the flanks. Soon there was no more fire from that particular battery. Wingo could guess what had happened.

He joined a half-company of infantry that rushed the town. To their surprise, they were met by no machine-gun fire. They stormed on down the street, poking into doorways, much like a pack of hounds ranging for the scent. They met other troops that had entered the other end of the village.

On the outskirts, there was a neat cottage, surrounded by equally neat gardens and outbuildings. Wingo followed some of the men into the house. They explored and found the place completely furnished in a better-than-average peasant style. But the kitchen—there was the allure! Neat rows of pots and pans, scoured and burnished. Coals in the range—the enemy must have just left, and hurriedly. Shelves and bins loaded with provisions—vegetables, bread, condiments.

It struck Lieutenant Wingo, and the others, that it had been a long time since they had had a meal. They were ravenous. Someone stirred up the fire. Others peeled potatoes, washed beans. A cautious individual mentioned the possibility of the enemy having poisoned the food. They howled him down. Men ran outside and soon there arose the despairing squawks of chickens. Others found bee-hives and, with ready ingenuity, put on their gas-masks and calmly raided them for honey.

The chickens were plucked, revealing most pleasing development of breast and limb. Grease was sizzling. Coffee bubbled. Soon the most maddening odors permeated the room, the whole cottage. They found plates, cups. Within ten minutes, pieces of chicken were

(Continued on page 54)



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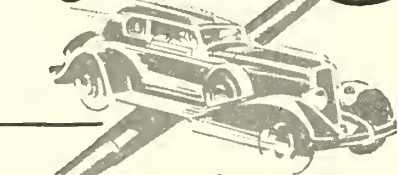
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A Tooth at St. Mihiel

(Continued from page 53)

dribbling juice onto slabs of bread, jaws were munching, cheeks bulging.

Newcomers, sniffing the aroma from afar, came barging in. One man said, "Eat fast, boys. You'll sure have to fan tail outa here, if Captain Swenson comes along."

Lieutenant Wingo pricked up his ears. He had just seated himself in a corner with a heaping plate of everything.

"Is Captain Swenson here?" he asked.

"Sure, right up at the other end of the street."

Lieutenant Wingo stared for an instant at his plate. He gulped, and set it hurriedly down. He rose and stalked out of the room. Strong hands seized the plate, and, whisk, it was empty.

Wingo came to a group and made inquiry.

"Yeh, I'm Captain Swenson," grunted a thick-set individual.

"Of the Six Forty-First Machine Gun?" asked Wingo.

"Nope—this is the Forty-Second Division. Your crowd is over to our right."

AT DAWN the next morning, after a night of wandering, Lieutenant Wingo approached the village of Xammes, whither he had been directed in his search.

This was the third and final objective of the drive. The Germans had stiffened their resistance and were present in numbers, not far to the north. They were harassing the American lines now with airplanes, dropping bombs; with raiding parties, and with frequent and accurate artillery fire. The Yanks were ensconced in fox-holes at the side of the road, in the fields.

Lieutenant Wingo walked up a rock road, pitted with shell-holes. As he came within several hundred meters of the village, he noted a cabbage patch on his right. He could make out men moving. He yelled across at them in a tired but resolute voice:

"Can you tell me where the Six Forty-First Machine Gun Battalion is?"

A yell floated back, "Sure, right here."

A far-away boom came to Wingo's ears, followed by a rushing, plunging sound, as of an oncoming train—but very much faster than any train, more deadly. Lieutenant Wingo had learned; he made a wild dash for the cabbage patch. The roar increased, turning suddenly into a shriek. Simultaneously, Wingo dived for the cabbages. There was the shock of an explosion, earth and cabbages flying high. Fragments of shell casing sang their song, like angry bumble-bees. Lieutenant Wingo sat up and looked about—safe.

"Nice run, pal," said a voice within ten feet. "Figgered you was goin' to dive on me and that had me scared pretty near as bad as the G. I. can."

Wingo combed the clods out of his hair with his fingers.

"Is there a Captain Swenson here, son?"

"Sure, that's our skipper. He's living in one of these here holes, about a hundred yards to the right."

Lieutenant Wingo arose and proceeded. Men in the fox-holes along the way stared at him with curiosity. He kept asking; they kept pointing. Captain Swenson, never a genial soul, tired and worried now, his old bones aching, kept hearing the chatter, the mention of his name, as Wingo approached. He recalled, too, what Mickey, the runner, and some of the non-coms had been telling him about a man from Headquarters, calling himself a dentist but probably an inspector, who was hot on the captain's trail. He sat bolt upright and saw the lanky and weather-beaten Wingo drawing inexorably close. So this was his pursuer!

"Yes, I'm Captain Swenson. Now, what the devil do you want?"

Lieutenant Wingo, footsore but happy, sank into the hole beside the dark, frowning man. A comradely smile lighted the rugged contours of his face. He spoke soothingly.

"Captain, I'm Lieutenant Wingo, the new battalion dentist. The adjutant told you about me. Here I am, sir, ready to pull that tooth that's bothering you."

"Oh, you are, are you? So, you're a dentist, and this is that confounded adjutant's idea of a joke! Well, I've got a good notion to prefer charges—worrying a man like this, not knowing what kind of fool staff officer might be on his trail—by cricky, I *will* prefer charges!"

"Captain, I'm real sorry you were worried. I didn't aim to do that. I heard you were suffering and I went to considerable trouble to get up here just to relieve you."

Captain Swenson was somewhat mollified. "Well, yes, I did have a bad tooth; still got it, for that matter. It's one of my front ones, lower jaw."

"Just let me take a look."

Captain Swenson hesitated a moment, and then removed his tin-hat, and scrooged around in the fox-hole so that his capacious mouth was open to the rays of the morning sun. Lieutenant Wingo, as professional in manner as if he were back in a Main Street office, peered in. His hands were grimy and obviously unsanitary, his eyes were bleary and his instruments were strewn on a far-off hillside, but the healing spirit was undismayed. He bethought himself of the extra pair of forceps and got them out of his coat pocket. He tapped around until an emphatic yowl came from Captain Swenson.

"So, it's that one. Ah, yes, I see. Captain, no use fooling with that. Badly gone. Might as well have it out."

"You sure?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Well, we'll see. If it still aches tomorrow—"

"Captain, that tooth ought to come out at once."

Captain Swenson stared glumly, then nodded. Lieutenant Wingo put his hand on the captive's brow and shoved him gently back.

"This may hurt a little, Captain. All my instruments got blown up, and I haven't any anaesthetic; only these forceps. Hold still."

But the captain sat up promptly. "May hurt! Say, you're not going to pull any tooth of mine without any cocaine, or nothing. No, sir; that's out. Nothing doing."

"But, now, please, Captain, after I came all this way—"

"No!"

Captain Swenson seemed quite determined and Lieutenant Wingo forebore to press him further. They lay there, side by side in the

hole among the cabbages, and watched the mists fade out of the valleys as the sun grew hotter; saw a squadron of airplanes pass high overhead; heard the far-off cr-ump of shellfire. They swapped yarns of the last two days' fighting. They became friendly. But Lieutenant Wingo was far from forgetting his mission; his mind kept going back to it.

Finally, having considered the thing from every angle, he had an idea.

"In this town down here ahead of us," he began, "there must be stuff of all kinds; stuff the Germans left when they got out in a hurry. There must be medical supplies there."

"Sure there are," agreed Captain Swenson unsuspectingly. "The Germans left a whole hospital and our gang is using it for a first-aid station."

"Well, then," concluded Wingo triumphantly. "We can go up there and I can borrow some cocaine and a needle, and use my own forceps, and pull that tooth of yours."

Swenson flushed angrily, and then considered. The tooth in question had been bothering him a great deal during that last hour. Why not have it out, once and for all?

He shook his head in resignation. He and Wingo got up out of the hole and walked, on cramped legs, down the road toward Xammes. Half-way, when they were far from the shelter of the cabbage patch, they both heard a far-away boom, an oncoming

roar. There was a scream, a frightful blast in their ears, and then oblivion.

ON A hospital train, wending its slow way from Toul to the south of France, Lieutenant Wingo occupied a lower bunk. His legs were swathed in bandages but the doctors assured him the wounds were only superficial. Hanging about two feet from his head and in direct line of vision was a tag that bore the name of the man in the bunk above him. Wingo read: "Capt. Earl Swenson, Inf. R. C." He called out:

"Howdy, up there! Good morning, Captain! Are you all right?"

There were stirrings and mutterings. An oddly muffled voice made faint answer, "Mmm, yeh. Awright, I guesh."

"Well, this is Doc Wingo down here, Captain—you know, the dentist. What do you think—that same shell got both of us."

"T h a s h good!"

Lieutenant Wingo felt chatty. It was delicious to be able to relax, to feel that someone was going to do all the bothering, for a while, anyway. And he must assure Captain Swenson that he was not seriously injured. So he lifted himself up on his elbow and offered:

"Oh, it didn't hurt me very bad. Just skinned my shins, they tell me. Well, Cap, we were pretty lucky. Just goes to show a fellow can't be too careful." Lieutenant Wingo finished with the amenities and got down to business. "Now that tooth of yours—don't think for a minute I've forgotten about it, Captain. Just as soon as we get back to wherever it is we're going, I'm going to hunt me up some dental equipment, and pull it for you."

From the upper berth there came a sudden gasping sound as of someone choking.

Finally, out of a welter of ineffectual profanity, Captain Swenson's words came mushily:

"Is zhat sho? Well, you can zhush leave me alone, mishter dentist, and quit boshering me, onesh and for all. Zhat toof of mine you've kept hounding me about, well a piesh of shell took care of that sishuation. It knocked out that toof and a couple more beshides. Zhat's jusht too bad for you now, ain't it?"

But Lieutenant Wingo paid no further attention to the captain. He wondered whether the adjutant would consider this failure.



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This Is the Argonne

(Continued from page 13)

At the same time, there came from outside the Legion, from the country at large, a chorus of appreciation of our united endeavor. From everywhere came newspaper reports of the work of our posts and Departments, coupled with editorial praise and encouragement for us, for having accepted so promptly and so fully the new test of our citizenship.

I am under the disadvantage of writing this almost two months before you will read it. I feel that I have seen, as I write, only the merest beginning of what we are going to do in this common cause. But I believe I should pass on to you these words which came to me upon the threshold of our effort, so that you may not forget, nor lose in the slightest degree, this magnificent spirit which the Legion is showing as it springs to arms.

The *New York Times*, which has not always been fair in its presentation of news about the Legion's activities on behalf of disabled service men, saw in the Legion's pledge to support the President's recovery program a double significance. To the *Times* it was significant because it came after the Legion's "organized lobbying last spring to prevent Mr. Roosevelt from securing authority to cut off the pensions of veterans not actually disabled in the war." But this was incidental, for the *Times* began its editorial:

"Nothing could have brought the President greater cheer than the pledge of loyalty to him made by the National Commander of The American Legion. The 'battle orders' sent out to more than ten thousand posts of the Legion called upon all the members to stand by the President in his fight to bring back contentment and plenty to 'millions of American homes.' The appeal was to back up the efforts of the Administration in making the National Recovery Act effective, and to sink every personal and political difference until this industrial battle is won. The President himself returned a cordial message, expressing his 'supreme faith' in the loyalty of the Legionnaires."

I quote the *New York Times* first because I want to place with it this editorial comment by Lewis E. Lohmann, Commander of the Department of Minnesota, in the *Minnesota Legionnaire*, under the title "Answer the Call!"

"Our National Commander has pledged to the national administration the aid of the Legion in the program of the National Industrial Recovery Act. This pledge meets with the approval of serious minded Legionnaires and will find an active response in all Legion circles throughout Minnesota. Post officers, individual members and particularly post employment officers should take immediate steps to lend their services in every way to the success of the program.

"This cannot be construed as any other

sort of policy except patriotism. It has been the boast of the Legion that it is first a patriotic organization. It was necessary that we go to Europe to fight the Germans. In the writer's humble opinion, the economic collapse we have witnessed the past few years is a far greater menace to America and American institutions than the Germans ever were. This is a fight in our own front yard; not as spectacular as the World War, but calling for just as much service, just as much sacrifice, just as much calm thought and united effort.

"The history of the world has been that those who have dominated the destinies of their civilizations have blindly ignored its crumbling until too late. Happily, the leaders of the nation appreciate the present danger to America and are invoking brave remedies to save the country. It has been said that NRA is the last stand of the capitalistic system. If this be true, none of us can permit it to fail. Individualism and freedom are as much a part of our American character as our rivers are a physical part of our geographical confines. This effort to bring happiness again to our people must succeed.

"The President expects the Legion to support him. Such support, patriots will give without asking. Our National Commander has issued his 'battle orders.' The Legion will do its part to reach the objectives."

A typical metropolitan newspaper opinion, a typical expression from a Legion Department, and now I quote the reaction of a typical American Legion post. One of the earliest comments I received came from G. Hutton, Commander of James Monroe Roach Post of Altus, Oklahoma. Here it is, in part:

"Bully for the big broadside you gave the nation yesterday, calling upon the Legion to observe battle orders in the NRA war of President Roosevelt. I have wired President Roosevelt that 250 veterans of this county in our post are behind his NRA 100 percent. We are calling upon every loyal Legionnaire, Auxiliary member and all our friends to unite under one banner to support the President in carrying out this act and have conceived the plan of asking for pledges from all citizens that they will support those firms and individuals who 'fall in line'."

The *Boston Traveler* was quick to interpret the Legion's action. It wrote:

"The voice of Commander Johnson of the Legion and the voices of the great army that follows his lead are the same that thrilled every American fifteen years ago as the nation's defenders sang on their way to God-knows-what. Never, we pray, will the sublime music of those young voices fade from our ears. Through the years it echoes, ineffably sweet. Again we hear the tramp of marching feet. Again we see the youth of the land as they

marched away to war on land and sea. Victory was in their voices, their eyes, their hearts, even as they started off, knowing full well that the chances of return were individually improbable.

"And these are the men whose Commander today recalls them to the colors. Again we hear their voices, again we see the light in their eyes, again we sense the unshakable patriotism in their hearts. The Legion is again on the march—to certain victory, for the people."

In South Carolina, the *Spartanburg Journal* remarked: "In the piping times of peace, the same as when the stern alarms of war resounded through the land, the Legion, true to its purposes and ideals, will strike the longest, heaviest and most telling blows for the nation. President Roosevelt conveys the spirit of the people of the State in attesting 'supreme faith that the loyalty of the Legionnaires will manifest itself in this crisis just as it did a decade and a half ago'."

Similarly, the *Minneapolis Tribune*: "The service man may waste no admiration on President Roosevelt's veteran policies, but he still knows the meaning of loyalty in a crisis . . . He is not the one to sulk when an emergency exists and a battle must be won."

More than 150 editorials representing expressions from newspapers in all parts of the country were received at National Headquarters promptly after the announcement of our "battle orders" and the President's acceptance of our pledge of service. All these editorials were complimentary, all enthusiastic.

The Des Moines *Register* expressed a reassuring note: "The moderation and good sense that Commander Johnson has displayed heretofore in his term is the best assurance against one possible danger of this battle cry—the danger of using Legion groups here and there to 'turn the heat' cruelly on honest, conscientious and

truly patriotic people as well as on chiselers and snides—in other words, the danger of unreasoning hysteria taking command in some places." In similar fashion, the Fayetteville (N. C.) *Observer*: "With the Legion as a nucleus, the enforcement of the NRA program will be in good hands—and it needs to be in good hands, for already from those fiery, hot-headed mid-western States are emerging reports of

yellow paint, smashed windows, threats of bombs and riot activities against merchants who are trying to chisel on the NRA program. Such activities smack more of Germany than of America. There is no place for NAZI intolerance in the NRA program of recovery."

The Dallas *News* remarked: "Composed of average citizens, the Legion represents no unanimity of thought on any important issue. Probably many of its members do

not accept the NRA plan as their own. But like those in the nation who also disagree with its tenets, their fine spirit is to support the President and seek by unanimous action to make NRA work."

The Atlanta *Constitution*, inspired by the Georgia Department's promptness in calling meetings of all posts to lay plans for NRA co-operation, declared: "The country must go to war now against this internal enemy of economic confusion with as serious a purpose to win as it did in 1917 against an alien enemy."

"The response of The American Legion to the nation's present need provided the evidence that it is as patriotic as ever in its loyalty and devotion to the country and to the nation's highest ideals," said the Rock Island (Ill.) *Argus*, and the Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail*, after declaring that "the Legion's patriotism is not to be questioned," added: "The way they pledged their support to the Administration's reconstruction program efforts despite the reduced compensation they suffered in the Roosevelt

(Continued on page 58)



Woodrow Wilson Post of East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, claims the honor of being the first post to present an American Legion school award plaque, bearing the names of winners of Legion medals



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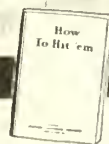
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AGE 18 and UP

This Is the Argonne

(Continued from page 57)

economy program is evidence of this."

The Detroit *News*, heartened by the action of the Wayne County Council in immediately enrolling for the NRA campaign, remarked: "Such an attitude will dispose the American people to give full backing to the Legion's demand that justice be shown in dealing with veterans broken in mind or body as the result of service in war. The American Legion will stand forth stronger, more influential and effective because of its unequivocal position of loyalty at this crucial time."

Commenting that "the business and professional men, the farmers, clerks and tradesmen who belong to The American Legion assure the President of the far reaching effect of these 'battle orders,'" the Wausau (Wis.) *Pilot* points also to the Legion's policy of opposing payments of governmental benefits to goldbrickers while insisting on full measure for the deserving, and adds: "Justice and a sense of fair play compel us to support Mr. Johnson and the Legion in this program." In like vein, the *Clarion Ledger* of Jackson, Mississippi, acclaims the Legion's NRA mobilization and says: "The bigness of the men in this organization is shown by the manner in which they are now backing the President." Referring to the NRA battle orders, the *Enquirer-Sun* of Columbus, Georgia, affirms: "The message is not one word too strong and citizens generally should gladly join in the imperative movement to overcome the depression." So also the *Daily*

Northwestern of Oshkosh, Wisconsin: "Loyalty on the part of everybody is necessary." And the *Mobile* (Alabama) *Register*: "It (the Legion) is an organized influence. It is an active, intelligent influence."

"The patriotism of peace is as vital to the perpetuity of American institutions as is the patriotism of war," in the words of the *State-Register* of Springfield, Illinois, a sentiment shared by the *Chanute* (Kans.) *Tribune*: "Unquestionably a great organization of fighting men... can be a mighty influence for good, constructive government." So also the *Columbia* (S. C.) *Record*: "It is the role the country expected of them." And the *Morning Herald* of Pottstown, Pennsylvania: "They will be found on the firing line, once more in the van, setting a glowing example of self-sacrifice and unselfishness to those who would shirk." The *Gazette* of Trenton, New Jersey, said the NRA battle call "has not only added to the prestige of the Legion in the eyes of the American people but has enhanced the prospects that the recovery effort will succeed."

In the *Union Star* of Schenectady, New York: "This is the spirit that took men 'over the top' in 1918. Sent overseas 'to make the world safe for democracy,' these men have been disillusioned many times... They are discovering that not only was it their lot to make the world safe for democracy, but that when they came home they had to fight the same battle all over."

Boys On the Hoof

(Continued from page 27)

to before as human, reasoning beings.

Obviously, the best way out, in most cases, would be to have these boys return to their homes, where the homes are in position to care for them. Where the home is itself dependent upon public or agency relief, this solution does not apply. The question then presented is that of caring for the boy wherever he is found, whether by getting him a job—an increasingly hard thing when odd jobs are being given only to the resident needy—or only seeing that he gets the necessities of life, including a kind word and a friendly interest before he again "hits the road." A stiff upper lip is needed to carry him through these difficult times.

The unhappy home is an all too frequent cause of the leaving. The home in which the parents quarrel, the home disrupted by divorce, desertion, or the presence of an unsympathetic step-parent—we all know what such homes are like.

Stories the boys told ran a good deal alike. Here are some of them:

"Well, you see, Reverend, my mother died three years ago and dad married

again. My step-mother nagged me all the time; we just didn't get along together. She didn't want me around. So I thought I'd better get out."

"Home was no place for me with pa and ma fighting all the time. He'd beat ma and then take a wallop at me. I had to stand for it while I was a kid, but as I got older I got just fed up."

"When the folks were divorced, mother kept the children. She got a job in an office. When the poor times came, father lost his job and so eased off on helping out, and mother's salary was cut so much that there wasn't enough to go around. When I'd finished high school, I couldn't get any work in the town, but I could at least fade away, get out of the picture. Mother and the younger children can make it on what she's getting."

Most of the transient boys are of good American stock, often of several generations back. They are not defectives, or incorrigibles. They are not hoboes, no-goods, criminals, but just normal boys. They have pride. While they may associ-

ate with the older men, the "professionals," when they first start out, they soon leave them and group by themselves. The boys who came to my house had their hair combed and their shoes shined. They were concerned about their appearance. But there is danger in letting them run loose like this. Association, for however short a time, with hardened bums, crooks, fugitives from justice and depraved men will do them grave harm. Communist propaganda is busy among them. They may acquire a "getting by" frame of mind, which is death to industry and application. They must not be permitted to think that nobody cares about them, that America does not care.

I have made it a point to question the boys about communist activity as they meet it. They tell me that communists often approach them in flophouses and preach their doctrine or hand them printed matter. Sometimes they ask the boys to go with them to a hall or an open-air meeting and hear speeches. The boys usually tell me they don't take much stock in the gabble but sometimes go along out of curiosity or for entertainment. Yet, conceivably, some of these boys are won over. I am told that there are more than one hundred centers in this country maintained by the communist party where these boys will be given food and shelter—but first they will have to sign a paper of affiliation with the party. The Legion is waging a war to the death against communism.

When these boys are ill on the road, what do they do? They stick it out as long as possible, but if they get too weak or the tooth aches too much, they ask for treatment. The boys I talked with told me this—that, when so pressed, they inquire in a town for a doctor or a dentist who is a war veteran, and they go to him. They take it for granted that the "doc" who has been in the service is most likely to help a fellow who needs a friend. Does it mean anything to you veterans that these unfortunates so regard you?

To be sure, I discount the boys' stories a little, as told to me. Who does not put his "best foot foremost" in speaking for himself? But one kind of tale I always step on flatly. Beware of the boy who wants you to stake him to a dollar or two with which to buy shoelaces or pencils or balloons to sell. I refuse all such requests. I consider their makers fakers.

The plight of these roving boys offers an inspiring challenge to The American Legion. As Department chairman of Americanism in Minnesota, I have been championing their cause among the posts of the State. National Commander Johnson and Russell Cook, national director of the Americanism Commission of the Legion, have personally approved the work and encouraged me to go on with it. I should like to see concerted action taken by the Legion as a national body in this regard, with adoption of a definite program. But individual posts and individual members of posts can help these boys at once without national espousal.

Legion organization is ready-made for this work. By setup and experience the posts are peculiarly well equipped to deal with these young transients. Posts are not confined to the larger centers but are distributed widely in the small communities in all the States. Their members are accustomed to doing welfare work, and doing it from the heart. They have the "buddy" complex. They can undertake this service without a change in present alignments and carry it on as merely an extension of the usual program.

In our little community of Cannon Falls, fifteen boys were helped in a year and a half. If only one boy were helped by each of the 468 posts in Minnesota, that would be worth while; and if only one boy were helped by each of the 10,760 posts in the United States, that would be worth while. But with posts and individual Legionnaires active in the work, many more would be helped.

We should strive to make our hometown boys contented where they are, to keep them from roaming. We should strive to send back to their homes the wandering boys who have homes that can receive them. The boys without homes to go to but boys just the same, we should give food and clothing and shelter while they are with us, jobs if possible, and friendly treatment and the cheerful word. We must not cold-shoulder them, make them feel they are outcasts, unwanted, looked down upon. Many of them are at the parting of the ways—to be restored to normal society or to join the ranks of the outlaws. As economic conditions improve, many of these boys will be reabsorbed into the social body. Some of them doubtless will remain rovers, idlers, misfits.

I do not believe that this work calls for any special arrangement within the posts. Any member can do such work. I have been service officer of my post for several years, but the service officer usually has his hands full of things to be done and I do not suggest that he be singled out for this. I don't think any member should be especially appointed to do it nor do I think there need be a special post committee to see that somebody else does it. Why shouldn't each post act as a committee of the whole in the work? Let each member make contact with the homeless boy as he can, help him as his individual situation permits and call upon the post for aid when necessary.

Some one may say, what can a few Legion men here and there do against this swelling tide of the boy marchers? Let me answer that.

In the cemetery of this little village of Cannon Falls there lies buried a man by the name of Colvill. The name may mean nothing to you, yet a statue of William Colvill rises over his grave in commemoration of surpassing valor and achievement and a President of the United States journeyed thither five years ago to deliver the dedication address when a memorial stone was unveiled in honor of this man and the men who had (Continued on page 60)

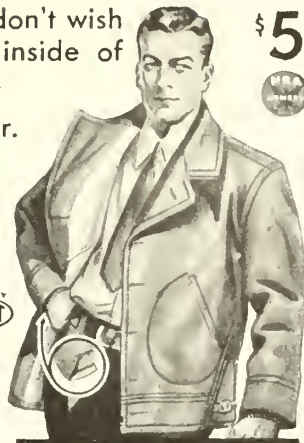
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28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95	0.95	24x5.50-16	3.15	0.95	0.95
28x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	0.95	24x6.00-16	3.35	0.95	0.95
28x5.00-19	2.85	1.05	1.05	24x6.50-16	3.55	1.05	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	1.05	26x5.00-18	3.75	1.15	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	1.15	26x5.50-18	3.95	1.15	1.15
28x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	1.15	28x5.00-20	4.15	1.15	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	1.15	28x5.50-20	4.35	1.15	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	1.15	30x5.00-21	4.55	1.15	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	1.15	30x5.50-21	4.75	1.15	1.15
28x5.50-19	3.35	1.15	1.15	32x5.00-22	4.95	1.15	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15	1.15	32x5.50-22	5.15	1.15	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15	1.15				
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25	1.25				
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25	1.25				
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Boys On the Hoof

(Continued from page 59)

followed him as leader in a daring enterprise.

Seventy years ago William Colvill was colonel of the First Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, the first regiment tendered to President Lincoln at the outbreak of the Civil War. On the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, the Confederate forces advancing on the left flank of the Union Army threatened to roll it up in defeat unless reserves could be brought up. Reserves were on the way. A hard-pressed general ordered the First Minnesota, the regiment nearest to hand—eight companies, 262 men—to charge the oncoming Confederates. They did so. They held those enemy lines for five minutes, held them until the reserves arrived and moved into place.

Then they retired, forty-seven of them. The loss was 82 percent of the number engaged—reputed to have been unprecedented in history before the World War. Colonel Colvill and his men saved Gettysburg; they saved the Union; they made possible the America of today.

Yet it was 262 men that did this thing. No thoughtful person but must be impressed by the power of a few to accomplish great things, when imbued with purpose and determination and unselfish devotion.

Boys in this vagabond hegira are, as a rule, too old to be sons of World War veterans; but help them along, you veterans. Tomorrow your boy may need help.

Blow Everything!

(Continued from page 35)

368TH INF., 92d Div.—Chauncey D. Clarke, 5742 S. Parkway av., Chicago.

349TH INF., 3d BN., 88TH Div.—Lt. Fred E. Farnsworth, c/o T. B. H. Post No. 187, A. L., 110 W. North av., Elmhurst, Ill.

326TH M. G. BN., Co. D—Reunion and dinner. Walter M. Wood, Box 1001, Portsmouth, Ohio.

342d INF., Co. L—Proposed reunion. J. D. Copeland, 5910 Capulina av., Morton Grove, Ill.

14TH F. A. BAND AND POST FIELD BAND (Fl. Sill and Post Field, Okla.)—A. L. Scott, Box 208, Paducah, Ky.

6TH F. S. BN.—Walter A. Firestone, Larwill, Ind., or Clare L. Moon, Niles, Mich.

419TH TEL. BN.—Reunion. H. T. Madden, 5931 Wayside av., Cincinnati, Ohio.

20TH ENGRS. BAND, 46TH Co., 20TH ENGRS. (FORESTRY)—C. C. Buenger, Sheboygan, Mich.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—Organized Camp Grant, Ill., 1917. All out for Chicago, 1933. L. J. McClurg, secy-treas., 8535 Oglesby av., Chicago.

23d ENGRS.—Reunion. Registration office: Atlantic Hotel, 316 S. Clark st. Rendezvous: Last Man's Club, Van Buren Post, A. L., 343 S. Clark st., Chicago. Vincent F. Werner, Room 350, U. S. Court House bldg., Chicago.

27TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Victor T. Nydele, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.

28TH ENGRS.—Erick O. Meling, 2046 N. Spaulding av., Chicago.

31ST RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., SW., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

36TH ENGRS.—H. J. Arens, 3516 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

39TH ENGRS., RY. OPERATING BN.—Reunion, Hotel Atlantic, Chicago, Oct. 3. B. E. Ryan, secy., 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.

56TH and 603d ENGRS. (SEARCHLIGHT)—W. H. White, 4831 Park av., South Minneapolis, Minn.

60TH RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—L. H. Foord, adjt., 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

71ST and 604TH ENGRS.—Louis D. Mickles, 604 Commerce bldg., Milwaukee, Wisc.

118TH ENGRS., Ft. Benj. Harrison and A. E. F.—All veterans invited to register by mail with Illinois Central Post of the Legion, Chicago, for proposed reunion and entertainment during convention. Clyde D. Burton, adjt., 1171 E. 43d st., Chicago, Ill.

213TH ENGRS., 13TH Div.—Truman S. Clark, 4553 N. Lincoln st., Chicago, Ill.

515TH ENGRS., (Serv. Bn.), Cos. A, B, C and D—Officers and men, Stevens Hotel, Chicago. John G. C. Fluty, Winchester, Ky.

527TH ENGRS.—Tues., Oct. 3. Maj. Edwin M. Sincere, Steger bldg., 28 E. Jackson bldg., Chicago.

R. R. & C., or BILLETING SERVICE, BASE SEC. No. 2, Bordeaux—Proposed reunion. R. R. Brinkerhoff, Utica, Ohio.

P. W. E. Co. 96—C. R. Byland, Bellevue, Iowa.

803d PIONEER INF.—Reunion and organization meeting. R. S. Dudley, 68 E. 57th st., Chicago, Ill.

812TH PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion. B. W. Holiday, 77 E. 35th st., Chicago.

814TH PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion banquet. Fred R. Fielding, 5156 South Parkway, Chicago.

Major Tietck Co. No. 411—Reunion dinner. Leroy C. Haney, Connerville, Ind.

106TH SUP. TRN., Co. A—W. M. Applegate, 6033 Chamberlain av., Chicago.

106TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. E—Reunion dinner at Harold A. Taylor Post, A. L., clubrooms. James J. Bartlett, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

323d SUP. Co., Q. M. C., and Hq. Co., A. P. O. 910—Proposed organization and reunion, J. J. Crean,

Box 163, New Britain, Conn., or V. J. Bormann, Decatur, Ind.

M. L. Cos. 304-5-6-7-8, and CAS. Co. No. 5, Q. M. C.—D. V. Dake, 38 Hobart sq., Whitman, Mass.

4TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BN., C. A. C.—George A. Carman, Buffalo Center, Iowa.

C. A. C. (all batteries including 1ST SEP. BRGDF.)—Headquarters at Taylor Post, A. L., Club Rooms, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Reunion, banquet. J. A. Donnelly, 516 W. Seminary, Wheaton, Ill., or Wm. G. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.

TANK CORPS VETS.—N. Salowich, 1401 Barlum Tower, Detroit, or C. L. Lewellen, 4865 Newport av., Detroit, Mich.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Reunion. Headquarters, Palmer House, Chicago. Wilford L. Jessup, *Daily News Searchlight*, Bremerton, Wash., or Craig S. Herbert, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

17th BALLOON Co.—G. W. Palmer, 415 E. Main st., Loganport, Ind., or W. W. Laird, 3321 Virginia av., Sioux City, Iowa.

28TH AERO SQDRN.—Organization and reunion. Daniel W. Thurman, Post Office Box 1177, Pampa, Texas.

35TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Oct. 1-2. D. K. Mitchell, 41 Park av., Middleport, N. Y.

37TH AERO SQDRN.—George J. Yepsen, 208 N. Wells st., or H. E. Holloway, 7205 Van Buren av., Hammond, Ind.

107TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Henry Schmidt, 331 N. Bancroft st., Indianapolis, Ind.

380TH and 828TH AERO SQDRNS., (MIL. Clemens, Mich.)—Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

465TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Geo. (Freddy) Fredericks, 8723 School st., Morton Grove, Ill.

801ST AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Frank Erhardt, 1022 N. Johnson st., South Bend, Ind.

802D AERO REPAIR SQDRN., Issoudun, France—Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

180TH AERO SQDRN., (E), KELLY FIELD, TEX.—Lisle O. Wagner, Ossining, N. Y.

CAS. Co. No. 5, Q. M. C.—D. V. Dake, 38 Hobart sq., Whitman, Mass.

Q. M. DET., Issoudun, France—Proposed reunion. Charles A. La Salle, 510 S. Woodlawn av., Wheaton, Ill., or Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

11TH CONST. Co., AIR SERV., SIG. CORPS—Proposed reunion. Theodore J. Herzog, adjt., Harold A. Taylor Post, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

BATTLE SURVIVORS OF OLD BREWERY DETS. 2 AND 3, Q. M. C., Newport News—Reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Walter McLain, Ottumwa, Iowa.

POST Q. M. DET., GIEVRES, A. P. O. 713, also 4TH CLERICAL Co., Camp Johnston, Fla.—Proposed reunion. Joseph C. Williamson, Route 1, Box 113, Argos, Ind.

311TH M. P., Co. A, 86TH Div.—Vets. of Camp Grant, 1917-18. Earl L. Salomon, 318 W. Randolph st., Chicago.

LA SOCIETE DES SOLDATS DE VERNUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS 1, 2 AND 3, M. T. C. 327)—Fifth annual reunion, Midland Club, 172 West Adams st., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3. B. C. Petersen, Jr., secretaire, 920 Arlington st., La Grange, Ill.

M. T. C. VERNUIL VETS.—Hilmer Gellein, secy., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.

M. T. C. 301-2-3, VERNUIL UNITS—Annual reunion and dinner. Joe Barnett, 3733 N. Halsted st., Chicago, or H. Hirsch, Lyntree Bldg. Hq., Chicago, Ill.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—Ne-

tional meeting and reunion of all railroad men, 11th to 118th Engr. Regts., inclusive. Apply for delegate card to Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Mawr st., Scranton, Pa.

MOTOR TRANS. CO. 688—Proposed reunion. Edward T. Gorgen, 5116 N. Claremont av., Chicago. 15TH U. S. CAV.—Reunion of entire regiment, in addition to Troop I previously announced. Louis "Duke" Jannotto, 10208 Yates av., Chicago.

ORO. CORPS (units that served at Camp Hancock, Ga., Camp Sheridan, Ala., and Camp Mills, N. Y.), also M. P.'s of Camp Hancock—Reunion at clubhouse of Harold A. Taylor Post, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Jim Mangan, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

3d ORD. BN., ST. LOUIS, Gironde, France—J. J. Coats, former C. O., Shell Lake, Wis.

15TH CO., 5TH MARINES—M. K. McHenry, 1514 Arthur av., Chicago.

NORTH SEA MINE-LAYING FLEET AND MINE-SWEEPERS (both shore station and ships' crews)—inclgd. Naval Base 17)—Reunion, Oct. 3, 11a, in U. S. N. R. Armory, foot of Randolph st., on Lake Michigan. Ralph R. Maloney, Joliet Natl. Bank bldg., Joliet, Ill.

NAVY RADIO OPERATORS—Reunion, especially of those trained at Great Lakes, Harvard Radio School and New London Phone School. Norbert C. Knapp, 435 Turner av., Glen Ellyn, Ill.

U. S. NAVAL RY. BTRY.—Reunion. Fred Hartman, 1455 W. Congress st., Chicago.

COAST GUARD SERV.—Reunion of all Coast Guard men. N. L. Schlank, 3241 N. Ashland av., Chicago.

U. S. S. Antigone and **Saunders Range**, Glenburne, Md.—Oscar Hennes, 139 Pipestone st., Benton Harbor, Mich.

S. S. Black Arrow (formerly **S. S. Rhaetia** and **Black Hawk**) Armed Guard—Louis R. Dennis, 5111 Quartes street, North East, Washington, District of Columbia.

U. S. S. Camden **Arethusa**, **Turkey** and **Maryland**—C. F. Speraw, c/o P. O., Harrisburg, Pa.

U. S. S. El Sol—Proposed reunion. Roy A. Glaser, 193 Orchard st., Elmhurst, Ill.

U. S. S. Kansas Black Gang—T. J. McCarthy, 711 Euclid av., Chicago, or R. T. Woodville, 2754 Osgood st., Chicago.

U. S. S. Kroonland—Reunion, Oct. 2. All former members report to Randall Brown, c/o Chicago Title and Trust Co., 69 W. Washington st., Chicago.

U. S. S. Manta—Wm. J. Johnson, 6358 Peoria st., Chicago.

U. S. S. President Lincoln—In addition to annual reunion on May 31, anniversary of sinking of the ship, a special reunion will be held in Chicago during Legion convention. Stephen A. Jusko, 902 N. Francisco av., Chicago.

U. S. S. Rhode Island—Reunion. Veterans register at Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. Meeting probably on Tues., Oct. 3, with Admirals Rodman and Latimer as guests of honor. S. W. Leighton, 1118 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. West-Pool—Frank Noelke, Motor City Post, A. L., 658 Ledyard st., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. SUBMARINE BASES or TENDERS, April, 1917, to July, 1921—Reunion under auspices World War Submarine Vets. Assoc. Irving H. Huncicker, 833 South Blvd., Evanston, Ill.

BASE HOSP., Camp MacArthur, Tex.—Entire staff. Sam L. Iskiwiche, 4257 Archer av., Chicago, Ill.

BASE HOSP., No. 136—Reunion of men, officers and nurses. Dr. Elmer V. McCarthy, Stewart bldg., 108 N. State st., Chicago.

EVAC. HOSP., No. 3—Guy R. Walthier, 118 W. Cherry st., Winslow, Ariz.

EVAC. HOSP., No. 6 VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. History available. R. I. Prentiss, pres., Lexington, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP., No. 7—Reunion. W. W. Briggs, 305 N. Brainard av., La Grange, Ill., or phone La Grange 3080 or Berwyn 2646.

128TH AMB. CO., 32D DIV.—Clarke W. Cummings, 400 Green av., Bay City, Mich.

AMB. CO. 129, 108TH SAN. TRN., 33D DIV.—Fred S. Kahn, secy., 228 N. La Salle st., Room 1564, Chicago.

ADV. MED. SUP. DEPT. NO. 1, A. P. O. 712—Philip W. Seyfarth, First Natl. Bank, Blue Island, Ill.

NATIONAL GUARD ASSOC. OF THE U. S.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 27-29. Col. Diller S. Meyers, Hq., 33d Div., office of C. G., 33 N. La Salle st., Chicago, Illinois.

PUŁASKI POST, THE AMERICAN LEGION, will hold open house at its Memorial Home, 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago, for all veterans of Polish extraction during convention. Club House is a short distance from center of city. Felix A. Kempski, comdr., 2843 N. Mobile av., Chicago.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT POST, THE AMERICAN LEGION, 9 N. Franklin st., Chicago, invites all Legionnaires and drum corps to avail themselves of the use of its club rooms, conveniently located in the downtown district, during the national convention.

DORR FIELD MASONIC CLUB, Arcadia, Fla.—Leo Mayer, 614 E. 63d st., Chicago.

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS OF THE WORLD WAR—Reunion of all members who are also Legionnaires and will attend Legion national convention in Chicago. H. A. Williams, adjt., Edw. Hines, Jr., Chapter, Disabled American Veterans, 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago.

REUNIONS and other activities scheduled for places and times other than the Legion national convention, follow:

328TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual dinner at Rosoff's, 43d st., just east of Broadway, New York City, Sat. night, Nov. 25. Dr. William Blumenthal, 311 Newes st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

348TH INF.—Veterans of regiment at Camp Pike, Camp Dix or in A. E. F., send names, addresses and company to which assigned to W. J. Adler, 3581 Fulton rd., Cleveland, Ohio. Proposed reunion on night of November 11th.

355TH INF.—Convention and reunion, Albion, Neb., Oct. 8-9. Albert P. Schwarz, recdgd. secy., Lincoln, Neb., or L. I. Smoyer, pres., Albion.

36 N. J. INF., CO. K—Reunion at Armory, Bridgeton, N. J., Oct. 11. Clifford J. Mixer, secy., Bridgeton.

55TH ART., C. A. C.—Annual reunion and convention, Hotel Bradford, Boston, Mass., Oct. 20-22. Adelbert J. Tulcia, 62 Bradwood st., Roslindale, Mass.

220 REGT. VETERANS (102D ENGRS.)—Veterans of 22d Regt. (Inf.), 22d Regt. (Engrs.), and 102d Engrs. are urged to send names, addresses, organizations, and all data relating to service or the organization to Col. Edwin W. Dayton, 734 Lexington av., New York City, for use in compiling history of regiment.

107TH ENGRS., 32D DIV.—4th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 11. Jos. Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

110TH ENGRS.—"The Santa Fe Trail Leads to France," a narrative of battle service of the 110th Engrs., 35th Div., by Capt. Edward P. Rankin, Jr., may be obtained from the author at 106 S. Myrtle av., Monrovia, Calif.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, American Annex Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Sat., Oct. 14. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.

107TH INF. POST, A. L.—Annual reunion and dinner, Hotel Astor, New York City, Sept. 29. T. R. H. Smith, comdr., 643 Park av., N. Y. C.

U. S. S. Lakeport—Proposed reunion and organization. Frank A. (Speed) Hanley, 16 Fordham court, Albany, N. Y.

BASE HOSP., No. 116—15th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 11. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP., No. 8, A. E. F.—14th annual reunion, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, Oct. 14. Herman C. Idler, 1500 E. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. I. F.—All ex-members of the A. I. F., residing outside of Australia, are requested to report to R. D. Hadfield, Editor, *Reveille*, official publication of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia, Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney, Australia.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

315TH F. S. BN., 90TH DIV.—Sgt. CROEMER, PVTs. WAGNER, HUDNALL and HUNTER, and three other privates who maintained telephone lines and station with Sgt. L. MORAHAN at advance artillery position on hill beyond Villers-sous-Preny, Sept. 16 to Oct. 1, 1918, to assist MORAHAN with claim. Also Sgts. WHITMAN and CLARK and another Sgt. who occupied tent with Sgt. MORAHAN from Mar. 24 to Apr. 6, 1919, in Cas. Co. No. 2934, Brest, France, prior to embarking on the *Graf Waldersee* for the U. S.

114TH INF., CO. M, 29TH DIV.—Howard G. Roninson and John A. Davenport, formerly of New Jersey, John GARREN and others who recall injuries sustained by Andrew A. NELSON on night of Oct. 12, 1918, in action at Molleville Farm.

146TH F. A., BTRY. D.—Sgt. Cleveland H. PARKER, PVTs. Harlan H. HOBBS, (Continued on page 62)



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department stores. Separately, they mingled in the daily life of the world's largest city, observing how Americans live and work.

One group of the French veterans journeyed to Washington to place a wreath upon the Tomb of America's Unknown Soldier. Another group went to Chicago to see the World's Fair. Some visited other cities to renew friendships with American veterans they had known during the war. The main delegation sailed for home on the *Paris* on August 11th.

The American Legion committee on arrangements for the French veterans' pilgrimage was headed by Robert E. Condon, Commander of the First District of the New York Department. Captain Rodolphe Rufenacht, Commander of the Confederation of French veterans for many years, was leader of the pilgrimage. Before sailing, Captain Rufenacht expressed the hope that The American Legion would make another pilgrimage to Paris in 1937.

Warrior

WHEN the Shoshone-Bannock tribe of Indians of Idaho adopted as its own, National Commander Louis Johnson of The American Legion, in a ceremony held at Pocatello, they presented to Mr. Johnson a war bonnet of painted feathers which, they explained, may only be worn by a warrior who has stood every test. Commander Johnson had qualified, the tribal spokesmen declared, by his battles for those of the 10,000 American Indian veterans of the World War who are disabled as well as for all other disabled men.

"In the old days a head-dress of this kind could only be worn by a man with the consent of his fellow warriors," the tribe stated in a formal resolution which was presented to Commander Johnson with the war bonnet. "You are entitled to wear it for bravery and service. We welcome you as an adopted member of this tribe. Your Indian name shall be Teag-won-nay, meaning headman or leader."

Pocatello Post and the Department of Idaho sponsored the ceremonies and presentation.

On Boston Common

TO THE music of Legion bands and drum corps, six thousand Legionnaires of the Massachusetts Department paraded to Boston Common on Sunday, August

16th. On the Common they paid tribute to five Massachusetts congressmen who had voted against the Economy Act. Department Commander James P. Rose, as master of ceremonies, introduced Congressmen Arthur Healey, John McCormack, John J. Douglass, William J. Granfield and William P. Connery and presented to them testimonials of the Legion's appreciation.

Richard H. Hilton Dies

RICHARD HOBSON HILTON, Commander of the South Carolina Department and, as the winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, one of the outstanding heroes of the World War, was drowned in August when he fell from a cabin cruiser on Lake Murray. The accident occurred at night while Mr. Hilton

and other leaders of the South Carolina Department were returning from a cruise. Despite the fact that he had lost an arm in the war, Mr. Hilton was known as an excellent swimmer and his friends believed he would have no difficulty keeping afloat after he fell

from the swift-moving craft. They tossed a life preserver to him and he answered calls, assuring them that he was all right. By the time the boat returned to the scene of the accident he had disappeared. His body was found the following morning.

Mr. Hilton served in the war with the 118th Infantry of the Thirtieth Division. At Brancourt on October 11, 1918, he crawled forward in the face of heavy machine gun and rifle fire to a position within thirty yards of a German machine gun, killed six members of the machine-gun crew with his rifle and captured ten other Germans. For this he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Mr. Hilton helped organize the Last Man's Club of the South Carolina Department in March, 1930. He is the second to die of the nineteen men who attended the first meeting of the club.

The entire Department paid tribute to Mr. Hilton at funeral services conducted by his own post in Camden. Included among the honorary pallbearers were all the Medal of Honor men of South Carolina, all past department commanders and all present department officers.

The executive committee of the South Carolina Department selected Judge Miller C. Foster (Continued on page 64)

I told the girls you were going so they appointed me a delegate too!! Aren't you glad?!!



Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What is an Internal Bath?

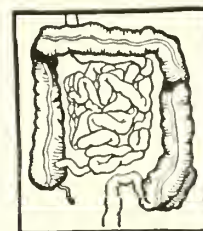
Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, rule them out of your life.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrill, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus Ω . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack



The lower intestine, 4 to 6 feet long, where poisons generate and are absorbed into the blood stream.

of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls. These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—renewed. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc. Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for this Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrill's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. 1703, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

-----TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE-----

Tyrrill's Hygienic Institute, Inc.,
152 West 65th St., Dept. 1703, New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name

Street

City..... State.....

HALF-CLEAN HANDS made him shy with



D. J. G., Machinist
Eric, Pa.

GIRLS

"Because of the work I do," writes D. J. G., "my hands, fingernails and knuckles can't help getting dirty. It used to embarrass me when I went out with girls. So I got in the habit of staying home nights."

LAVA SOAP cleans hands in a jiffy

"Then one day the man next to me told me about Lava Soap—said it got ground-in dirt in less than a minute—even around knuckles and fingernails. It sounded too good to be true. But was he right! Lava sure gets ground-in grime fast. I've got a steady girl now and I'm having much more fun than ever before."

You're not the only one, D. J. G. Men everywhere are finding that Lava gets *all the dirt* in less than a minute. Made specially for extra-dirty hands, it saves you money because it outlasts ordinary soaps 3 to 1.

FREE—a full-sized cake of Lava. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 379, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. Give full name and address.

LAVA SOAP

Takes the Dirt—Protects the Skin

No JOKE To BE DEAF



—Every Deaf Person Knows That
George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear". Also booklet on Deafness. Address
GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
770 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan



RETREADS TIRES

as low as **75¢**

AGENTS $\frac{1}{8}$ to \$6 an hour

Take orders for **SPREAD-A-TREAD** "Plastic Rubber". Retreads tires as low as 75¢—fixes a worn spot for a few pennies. No tools needed. Anyone can do it. Spreads on with a knife. Dries overnight. Vulcanizes itself. Saves buying new tires. Helps prevent blowouts. Ends costly retreadings and vulcanizing. Tough, flexible and long-wearing. Write for Free Demonstration Sample NOW! Guaranteed. Agents with out experience earn up to \$6 an hour. Write **Plastic Rubber Company of America**, Dept. K-390 Oakley Cincinnati, Ohio

NEW Deodorizer for Bathrooms

AGENTS.. UP \$10 & \$15 IN A DAY

HERE'S an invention that housewives everywhere eagerly welcome. At last a way to banish unpleasant odors in bathrooms! A Puro Bowl-Itizer inside the toilet bowl, actually seems to absorb odors and replace them with a delicate perfume that everybody likes. Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Every home a prospect! One of 6 red hot sellers including the famous Puro Moth Preventive and Deodorant! Agents clean up to \$10 and \$15 in a day—Distributors up to \$7,000 and \$6,000 a year! Write at once for details and Full-Size FREE SAMPLE.

FREE SAMPLE

THE PURO CO., INC., Dept. P-2082, 3107 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dollars to Doughnuts

(Continued from page 63)

of Spartanburg as Mr. Hilton's successor. Judge Foster served as National Vice Commander in 1920 and has distinguished himself in the Legion's community and civic betterment projects of his State.

Post Scripts

THE Boy Scout troop sponsored by Hollis-Bellaire Post of Hollis, Long Island, New York, conducted a regular meeting of the post, with Scouts filling all offices from post commander to sergeant at arms. The boys' parents were also present . . . Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Post of Baltimore, Maryland, was host to 400 boys at its annual presentation of American Legion school award medals which was held in Baltimore's impressive War Memorial . . . Chicago (Illinois) Post has given a World's Fair flavor to practically all of its 1933 meetings, after observing Colombian Day as the first of a series . . . Tragedy marred the spring basketball season of McGill (Nevada) Post when four members of the post's junior basketball team were killed in a head-on collision of automobiles while returning from a game in a neighboring town . . . When Peoria (Illinois) Post was completing its new \$25,000 clubhouse its funds became low. Individual members and citizens not Legionnaires took pride in paying personally for many things needed for the building and its furnishings. The problem was definitely solved when the \$1,200 remainder of a wartime fund was turned over to the post . . . Olaf A. Locken Post of Bronson, Minnesota, built a dam across a river to provide deep water for boating at its town's park . . . Gilbert S. Furness Post of Mandan, North Dakota, with 100 percent of eligibles in its town of 6000, conferred upon Post Commander Roy F. Dow a post citation for extraordinarily meritorious service in making this record possible . . . Codd-French Post of Colfax, Washington, turned out a working party

which erected an addition to a filling station which enabled a badly-disabled member of the post to support his family of six.

Legionnaire Peter E. Thomopoulos, who started life as a shepherd boy in Greece and is now owner of the principal hotel in Mineola, New York, was honored at a dinner and presented with a citation by Roger Williams Patterson Post in recognition of eight years of service in raising and lowering the flag from the memorial flagpole which the post had erected . . . Chesterton (Indiana) Post has taken the lead in designating a new 40-foot main highway in Northern Indiana as Hoosier Memorial Highway, and it is planning to plant trees, evenly spaced, along the whole road . . . Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Post organized all merchants and citizens of its town in the observance of Prosperity Day, a day on which passengers were hauled free on incoming street car lines, buses and local trains, bargains were offered in all stores and free vaudeville and other entertainment were provided by the post.

Roll Call

COLONEL William McI. Thompson, U. S. A., Retired, author of "Preparedness as a Surgeon Sees It," is a member of Vincente Manzo Post of Benson, Arizona. . . . James E. Darst belongs to St. Louis (Missouri) Post . . . National Commander Louis Johnson is a member of Roy E. Parrish Post of Clarksburg, West Virginia. . . . Samuel Taylor Moore is on the rolls of Longmeadow (Massachusetts) Post . . . Abian A. Wallgren belongs to Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia . . . Representative Wright Patman is a member of Texarkana (Texas) Post . . . Frederick Palmer belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Rev. C. J. Normoyle is a member of Cannon Falls (Minnesota) Post.

PHILIP VON BLON



This clubhouse of Frank A. Johnson Post at Johnson City, New York, is one of three presented to posts by George F. Johnson, shoe manufacturer. The others are at Binghamton and Endicott



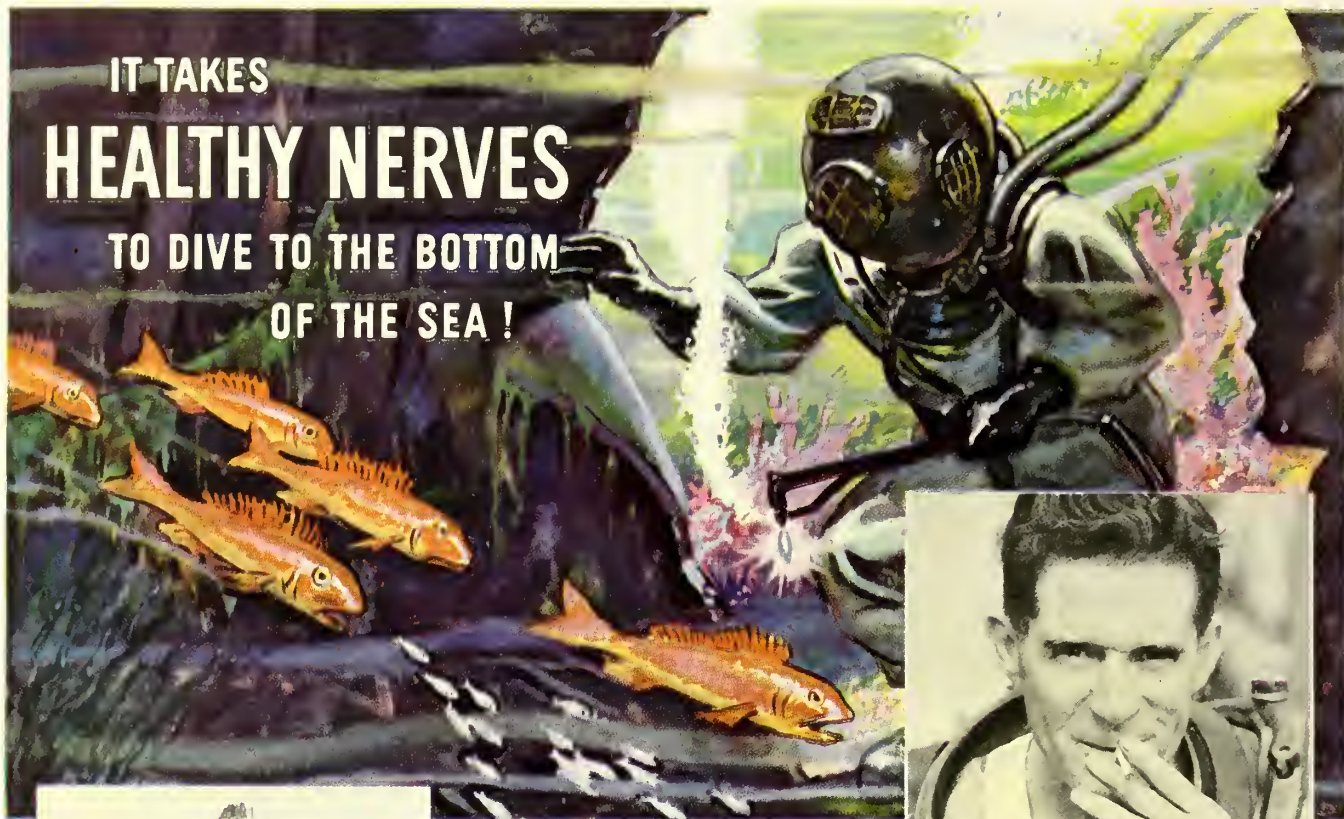
BRINGING YOU SOMETHING MORE THAN BEER

Quality! The superb quality of Budweiser has made it outsell, year after year, any other bottled beer on Earth. The demand for that quality has built the world's largest brewery. Budweiser, the King of Bottled Beer, comes to you fully aged, fully mellowed and fully qualified to fill once again its traditional role as the symbol of good living, sociability and hospitality.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH-ST. LOUIS

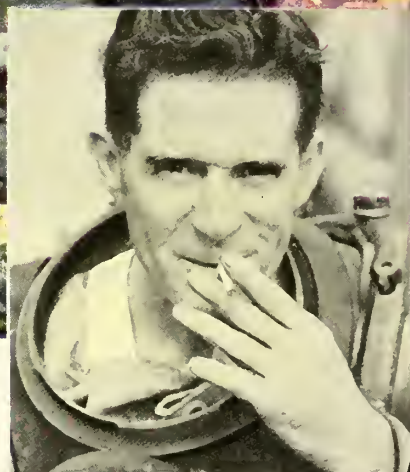


IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO DIVE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



● PROWLING ACROSS THE OCEAN FLOOR...beneath thousands of tons of water...a deep-sea diver finds that healthy nerves are essential. His very life may depend upon his nerves.

● LEFT—DIVING FOR FUN calls for healthy nerves, too! You can smoke all you want and never have jangled nerves, if you switch to Camels.



● FRANK CRILLEY, champion deep-sea diver, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Navy Cross, says: "Camels never upset my nerves."



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. You will find Camels rich in flavor and delightfully mild!



FRANK CRILLEY says, "Deep down under 300 feet of water, working feverishly under terrific pressure—no place for a nervous man! That's why a diver's nerves must *always* be in perfect condition. And that's why I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years. They are a milder cigarette and they taste better. But more important than that to me—they never upset my nervous system."

* * *

Camel's costlier tobaccos *are* milder, do taste better. They never get on the nerves. Men and women whose lives depend on healthy nerves have discovered this. *Your* nerves will confirm it. Start smoking Camels today!

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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